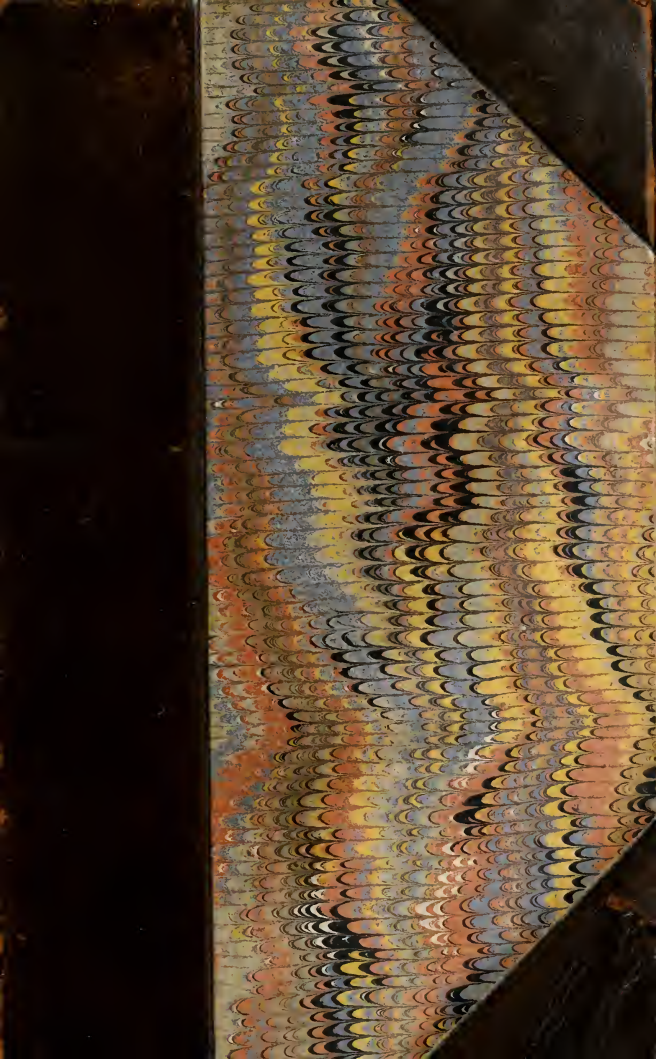




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Adapted to the general reader and to the pupil of the Sabbath School.

THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS:

BEING

A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN,

ILLUSTRATING THE

CHARACTER, MANNERS, AND CUSTOMS

OF THE

NATIVES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Adapted both to the general Reader and to the Pupil of the Sabbath School.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BY HARVEY NEWCOMB.

PITTSBURGH:

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P R E F A C E .

THE little work now presented to the public is the commencement of a series, designed to awaken the sympathies of American Christians in behalf of the scattered remnants of the native owners of the soil we inhabit. The Author has been induced to undertake this work with particular reference to the operations of the *Western Foreign Missionary Society*, in carrying into effect the following resolution of the synod of Pittsburgh, passed at its session, in October, 1833:

“*Resolved*, That this synod, relying upon the aid of the Great Head of the church, do pledge itself to sustain the Western Foreign Missionary Society in attempting the immediate supply of every unsupplied and accessible tribe of the Western Indian Reservation with the means of grace.”

The volumes will be, so far as practicable, distinct, and independent of each other. A single branch of this extensive subject will be embraced in one or two volumes; so that the series may be expected to contain a full view of the native character, past and present condition, and future prospects of these interesting people; with their peculiar claims upon the Christian sympathy and pious efforts of the people of this land.

The facts contained in the following pages have been collected from *Thatcher's Indian Biography*, and *Indian Traits*; *Cox's Journal*; *Morse's Indian Report*; *Hecke-*

welder's Narrative; Boudinot's Star in the West; and the Missionary Herald.

A style adapted to the young has been chosen for several reasons: 1. To ensure its introduction into Sabbath Schools, as the means of giving it a general circulation; 2. Because of the vast importance of acting upon the rising generation, in the prosecution of all benevolent objects; 3. Because a style adapted to the capacities of children and youth is on that account no less interesting to the majority of readers, provided the *matter* is worthy of their attention. With these views, this work is respectfully submitted to the Christian public.

Pittsburgh, 1835.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED

IN

THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATIONS.

1. THE MOTHER.
2. CAROLINE; a sprightly girl of six years.
3. JOHN; a boy ten years old, of an inquisitive, skeptical, and forward disposition.
4. ELIZA; an intelligent and amiable girl of twelve.
5. SAMUEL; a pious boy of fifteen, just entering upon a course of preparation for the ministry.



THE
NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CONVERSATION I.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF THE INDIANS.



Caroline.—Mother, didn't father bring home some pictures yesterday?

Mother.—Yes, my dear; and if you will go and call your brothers and sister, you shall see them, and we will talk about them.

Caroline.—O, Mother, who is that? I never saw such a person before. It is neither a white man nor a negro.

Mother.—It is an Indian woman. I intend, in this conversation, to give you a description of the persons of the Indians. As the females are nearly all alike, this picture will give you a pretty correct idea of their appearance; and if you ever see a *squaw*, as the Indian female is called, you will recollect this figure. But her limbs are more delicate than you would suppose from the appearance of her face; and her hands and feet are slender, like those of white females.

Eliza.—Indeed, Mother, although the countenance of this figure is rather coarse, yet I think it has quite an intelligent expression. I feel deeply interested in the poor Indians; and I would be glad to hear more about them.

Mother.—Your Father brought home the pictures to assist me in explaining to you the manners and customs of these interesting people; and it is for this purpose, my dear children, that I have called you together.

John.—Are the Indians as large as other people, Mother?

Mother.—They are generally of the middling and largest size of the white people; but there are individuals, and some whole tribes, who are smaller. The Shawanees and Delawares, who used to live in Ohio, and the Indians of the Northern lakes and Upper Mississippi, are small of stature. The Osages and Sioux, and some others who live about the Missouri, are quite tall,

and finely proportioned. The Indians who inhabited the Atlantic coast were large, straight, and well proportioned; and a case of natural deformity was hardly known among them.

John.—What is the color of the Indians, Mother? You speak of the *white* people, in opposition to them. Are they black?

Mother.—When the children are born, they are nearly as white as we are. But, as they grow up, the skin gradually becomes harder and darker, till it looks very much like well smoked bacon. They always grease their faces, and go with them exposed to the sun. This may be the principal reason why their complexion is so dark. But William Penn, in one of his letters to his friends in England, says of the Indians, "I found them with countenances like the Jews; and their children of so lively a resemblance to them, that a man would think himself in Duke's place or Berry street, in London, when he sees them."

John.—Why, are there Jews in London, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; there are Jews in every country of Europe; and indeed in almost every part of the world. Smith, in his History of New Jersey, describes the Indians inhabiting that State in 1681, as uncommonly "straight in their limbs; very seldom crooked or deformed; their features regular; their countenances sometimes fierce, rather resembling a Jew than a Christian." But, their color varies according to the climate which they inhabit. As we proceed farther towards the north, they grow lighter, and to the south, darker. Their complexion in general

varies from red or copper color to a dark brown. Mr. Adair, who spent many years with the Indians, thinks their color is the effect of climate, art, and manner of living. He relates the case of a white man, who followed the Indian customs in order to change his complexion, and in four years he became as deeply colored as any of them.

Caroline.—Mother, do they have woolly hair, like the negroes?

Mother.—No, my child. Their hair is black and straight; differing in appearance from that of any other people.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, is the hair of all Indians alike? The hair of white people differs in color as much as their eyes.

Mother.—It is a remarkable peculiarity, that the hair of all Indians is alike, except when grey with age. It is very much like the hair of a horse's mane, except that it is finer.

Samuel.—But, Mother, I think this is not altogether peculiar to the Indians; for Mr. Nevin, in his Biblical Antiquities, says, "The hair of the Jews, as is the case in eastern countries generally, was almost universally of a black color."*

Mother.—The features of the Indian's countenance are strongly marked. The nose stands out boldly in front; and in the male is commonly hooked. The nostrils are very wide at the bottom. The lips are about half way between the thinness of the whites and the thickness of the negroes. The cheek bones are high, ma-

* See Nevin's Biblical Antiquities, vol. I. p. 125.

king the face, just below the eyes, very wide. The eyes are generally black.

John.—Mother, how do the men wear their beards?

Mother.—They pull out their beard, so as to have a smooth skin to paint, when they dress themselves for their feasts or for war.

Caroline.—Do they walk like other people, mother?

John.—Why, Caroline, how do you think they would walk, if not like other people?

Mother.—My son, it is not good for young people to be too fond of showing their wisdom. Caroline's question is not so simple as you suppose. There is something so singular in their gait, that people acquainted with them can tell an Indian from a white man at a great distance. Their legs have a remarkable curve; and in walking they place one foot exactly before the other. By this, they can tell the track of their own people from that of the whites. When they walk in company, one goes directly before the other. This is called *Indian file*. They are often seen walking in this way, in close conversation.—Now, my dear children, I want you should keep distinctly before your minds what I have been telling you; so that, when you read or hear about the Indians, the picture of them which you have fixed on your mind will rise up before you, and help you to obtain a more vivid impression of the real scene. I will therefore leave you now for a while to think over what you have heard; and hereafter we will talk about some other traits of Indian character.

CONVERSATION II.

DRESS, PERSONAL DECORATIONS, &c.

Mother.—Come, my dear children, and I will tell you more about the Indians.

Eliza.—Mother, what did the Indians wear before the white people came among them? As they were a wild people, and did not know how to make cloth, I cannot think what they could wear.

Samuel.—Why, my dear sister, do you not remember what kind of clothing the Lord made for Adam and Eve, after they ate the forbidden fruit?

Caroline.—O yes, *I* know. He made them coats of skins.

Mother.—This is the most natural dress for people in a rude and barbarous state. It is only where civilization has made considerable progress, that the manufacture of cloth arrives at much perfection. Before the Europeans came to this country, the clothing of the Indians, in all the northern parts of the country, was made of the skins of wild beasts.

John.—Why, Mother, how could they make these skins fit to wear?

Mother.—The Indians can dress any skin, so as to make it soft and nice.

Eliza.—Mother, can you describe the dress of Indian women?

Mother.—You will see a part of their dress in this picture.



The garment you see on these females was never taken off in company. The husband would sometimes sell or gamble away the beaver petticoat of his squaw; but she would never part with it till she had another to put on. Over this they wore a skin blanket, hung loosely about them. In the summer this was often thrown off; but in the winter it was wrapped closely round the waist. The men were not so particular about keeping on their under garments. In cold weather, the old men wore a kind of trowsers, made of skins.

Caroline.—Did they wear any shoes, Mother?

Mother.—They wore *moccasins*, made of moose or buck skins, shaped to the foot, gathered at the toes, and round the ankles, and tied with strings.

Samuel.—I should think a blanket hung loosely around a person would be very inconvenient; for it would require one hand almost constantly to hold it on.

Mother.—Yet, when the Indians first put on clothes made like ours, they felt very uneasy in them, and would only wear them when they visited the whites. Habit will make almost any custom of this kind agreeable. There is, however, something to be said in favour of this mode of dress. It leaves every part of the system free, as nature dictates; while the custom of tight dressing, which prevails among us, compresses the chest, and prevents the free play of the parts. No doubt the wild natives of the forest, when dressed up for the first time in En-

glish clothes, would feel like a young colt in a harness. In the south, where the climate is very warm, the Indians used but very little clothing in summer. The picture is intended to represent the summer clothing of the females in the southern states.

John.—How did the Indians make the skin blankets, Mother?

Mother.—Sometimes they were made of the buffalo skin, which you have seen used as a covering for horses. They also made them of racoon skins, sewed together, with the fur carefully set all one way, to carry off the rain. In cold weather, the fur was worn inside. They also made warm and durable blankets of the feathers of the wild turkey or goose.

Eliza.—Why, Mother! how could they make blankets of feathers?

Mother.—This was done chiefly by the women. With great patience, they interwove the feathers together, in a curious and ingenious manner, with a thread made of the bark of the wild hemp and nettle.

Caroline.—Do the Indians now dress in skins, Mother?

Mother.—Since they have had the opportunity of trading, most of them wear cloth manufactured by the whites. The men generally wear a figured cotton shirt, and the women a cloth petticoat. But blankets are worn by all, except those who have become civilized, and adopted the English customs. They also wear leggins of blue, green, or red cloth, more or less ornamented, and tied with a garter of colored

worsted below the knee. They also frequently wear a small apron, ornamented round the edges. The males carry a knife in a scabbard hung to the belt, which is tied round the waist, a pipe, and a tobacco-pouch made of skin, filled with tobacco, and also containing a flint, a steel, and tinder, for striking fire. But the Indians about the mouth of the Columbia river, who have had very little intercourse with the whites, except with a few fur traders, pay very little regard to their dress. Most of the men go quite naked; and the only dress of the women is a short petticoat, made of cedar bark, twisted into cords, reaching from the waist to the knee. Farther up the river, towards the Rocky Mountains, they are more decently covered. The Flat Heads, who are said to have fewer failings than any other tribe, dress pretty well for savages. The men wear long leggings, reaching from the ankles to the hips, fastened by strings to a belt of leather round the waist. Over this they wear a shirt of dressed deer skin, which reaches down to the knees. The outside seams of the leggings and shirt have fringes of leather. The women are covered by a loose robe of deer skin, reaching from the neck to the feet, ornamented with fringes, beads, little bells, and thimbles.

John.—What do they wear on their heads, Mother?

Mother.—They used sometimes to wear a head-dress made of some kind of skin, with the fur on, and stuck full of feathers; and sometimes they would go without any thing on their heads.

Samuel.—I have read somewhere that the Indians were very fond of finery.

Mother.—Yes; savages are always fond of finery. When their hair is worn long, it is generally braided, and ornamented with silver broaches. Sometimes they cut it in whimsical and fantastic forms, and stick it full of long feathers. Round the neck they wear a string of beads or small shells, or an ornament of silver, in the shape of the new moon. They also wear bracelets on their arms and legs, and rings on their fingers. And sometimes, when dressing for holidays, they fix little bells and brass thimbles round their ankles, so that their tinkling may draw the attention of others to their finery.

Eliza.—O, Mother, how much this is like what Isaiah says about the ornaments of the daughters of Zion: “The bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet,—the chains and the bracelets,—the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the earrings, and nose jewels.”—Isa. 3: 18—21.

Mother.—Yes; and if you will look at the description of the dress of the Israelites, contained in Nevin’s Biblical Antiquities, you will find a great resemblance between it and the dress of the Indians. The *tunick*, or under garment of the Israelites, resembles the under garment of the Indians already described; and the upper garment, or cloak, was nothing more than a piece of cloth, several feet square, wrapped round the body, like the Indian blanket. A

Spanish writer says: "The clothes of the South Americans are shaped like those of the Jews, being a square little cloak over a little coat."

Samuel.—You told us also that the Indians wear fringes on their garments; and I see in the last picture you showed us that there is a fringe all round, on every edge of their garments. This is like the Israelites; for they were commanded to "make fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations."

Eliza.—But, Mother, is it not very foolish to be so fond of finery?

Mother.—It is, indeed, my dear Eliza. Yet it is no more so than the conduct of many white people, who spend so much time and money in decorating their persons, to attract people's attention. It is a very foolish thing to be vain.

Caroline.—What is it to be vain, Mother?

Mother.—Vanity is a desire to make a fine appearance; and to have people think more of us than we deserve.

Caroline.—O, Mother, I know who is vain. Yesterday, when I was at Mr. Field's, there was a lady there, and little Teresa came into the parlor, dressed up in fine style, and paraded herself before the lady, as though she wanted to be seen; but the lady didn't notice her at first. After a while she grew impatient, and cried out, "O! why don't you see how pretty I be!"

Mother.—Yes, my dear, that was vanity. The little girl spoke out her feelings. And no

one can go to church without seeing a great many people who feel just as this little girl did, if they would only speak out.

Eliza.—Mother, I think that is very silly. A person must have a weak mind to be so fond of attracting attention.

Mother.—Yes; such things are much more becoming among savages than in civilized and refined society. Yet there are very few people who are not guilty of some sort of vanity. One person likes to have people look at her fine dress; another, at her pretty face; and another is fond of showing how smart he is. Some are vain of their talents, some of their learning, others of their wit, and some even of their *humility*; and you will see them making efforts to show them off to the best advantage. Vanity, however, must be regarded as a relic of barbarism; for among barbarous people you will see it showing itself without disguise; yet under forms similar to what is practised in refined society. The petticoat of the squaw is frequently decorated with ribands of various colors. The leggins are trimmed with flaring ornamental work; and the moccasins are neatly wrought with porcupine quills, beautifully stained with brilliant colors. Ear-rings are generally worn; and jewels are often hung from the nose. The Indians about the mouth of the Columbia river slit up their ears, and ornament them with strings of beads. They also stick other ornaments, something in the shape of large pins, through the end of the nose.

Eliza.—Jewels in the nose! Why how that would look!

Mother.—But, my dear Eliza, can you give any reason why jewels may not as well be worn in the nose as the ears?

Eliza.—Indeed, Mother, I never thought of that; but I believe it is all fashion.

Samuel.—Why, if it were the fashion to wear jewels in the nose, or even in the chin, as it is in the ears, I think we should soon see them as frequently; and I do not see the difference in the principle.

Mother.—'There is none. It is all designed to foster the pride and vanity of the human heart, which ought to be checked and subdued. The Indians have perhaps as much vanity, in regard to dress and decoration, as any people in the world; and with them the ridiculous folly of the passion is seen in its native simplicity. Those who are fond of indulging this silly disposition would profit by frequently looking at the fantastic manner in which it displays itself among the rude natives of the forest. For all sorts of dances and feasts, the Indians, both men and women, take particular pains to lay the paint upon their faces, in such quantities and colors as best suit their wild fancy. The chiefs of the New England tribes painted their faces in the most frightful manner, at the same time wearing a mantle of moose or deer-skin, painted, and wrought with shells or beads, and a large wild cat or bear's skin, with the jaws and ears on, hanging over the shoulders, and dangling

down to the knees. These, altogether, gave them a most frightful appearance. The western warriors, in full dress, wear two or three clasps of silver about their arms, jewels in their ears, and a thin circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, hanging an inch or two from the nose. Painted porcupine quills are twisted in the hair. Tails of animals swing from the ears behind. A string of bears' or alligators' teeth, or claws of the eagle, or red beads, or *thorn plums*, hang from the neck. Brass bells or thimbles are laid thick on the lower parts of the dress. To all this finery the *Indian dandy* adds an American hat, and a soldier's blue coat, faced with red. Thus equipt, he steps firmly upon the ground, so that his tinklers may give fair notice to those around him, to "*look and see how pretty I be.*" A young Indian warrior is said to be the most thorough-going *fop* in the world. He will employ himself for hours with his paints and pocket glass, laying on his colors, arranging his hair, and gazing at his face in the glass, with great satisfaction. Let me entreat you, then, my dear children, not to be vain; and if you feel any desire to be admired on account of your beauty, dress, natural abilities, or any thing else, think how much you will be like the untutored savage.

Eliza.—Mother, do the Indians think they look any better for being painted?

Mother.—I suppose they do.

Eliza.—Indeed, I think it only makes them look more savage and frightful.

Mother.—Yet, my dear, the same custom

prevails among white people. From the same foolish passion for admiration, and in violation of all good taste, many ladies of fashion conceal the natural expression of their countenances with a coat of paint. But the Indians have a better motive for painting themselves. The oil and paint with which they besmear themselves forms a thick varnish over the whole body. This furnishes a defence both from moisture and cold, and from the tribes of insects which swarm in the forest. It also checks the perspiration to which they are subject in the fatigues of war and hunting, and thus saves their strength. They, however, often paint their faces in the most fantastic manner. A Moravian missionary, of the last century, gives a description of the whimsical ingenuity of an Indian, who spent a whole day in painting himself for an evening dance. He had given his face three different expressions. To a person standing directly in front of him, his nose appeared very long and narrow, with a knob at the end, much like the upper part of a pair of tongs. On one cheek there was a red round spot, about the size of an apple. The other cheek was painted in the same manner with black. The eye-lids appeared as if twisted altogether out of place with the paint. To look on one side of his face, his nose represented the beak of an eagle; and on the other side, the same nose appeared like the snout of a pike. He was wonderfully pleased at his own ingenuity, and gazed at his figure in his pocket glass with great self-complacency.

Samuel.—O, Mother, it grieves me to see

how the dark minds of these savages are employed, with so much patience and perseverance, in pursuit of momentary gratification, when the blessed truths revealed in the Gospel might furnish an inexhaustible source of pure enjoyment.

Mother.—You are right, my son; and my object in describing the manners and customs of these wild children of the forest is to awaken just such feelings as you have expressed. But there is another method of decoration, practised not only by the North American Indians, but by most uncivilized nations. It prevailed extensively among the natives of the South Sea Islands before the introduction of Christianity there. It is called *tattooing*. It is done by pricking the skin with a sharp instrument, and filling the holes with some kind of ink, in such a manner as to make images that will last as long as they live. In this way they make figures of moose, deer, bears, otters, wolves, hawks, or any thing else which strikes their fancy, on the face and limbs. Some tribes have one figure in common, which serves as a mark to distinguish them from the other tribes. This they call their *totem*. An old warrior of the Delaware nation had quite a number of scars on his face and body, made by the arrows of his enemies. This gave him rather an unpleasant appearance; yet he was not satisfied with this deformity. He *tattooed* himself all over, from head to foot. On every part of his body he had made figures representing the various adventures in which he had been engaged; so that

his skin contained a complete history of his life.

Samuel.—This man must have had no small share of patience and ingenuity to have made all these figures. How did he perform the operation, Mother?

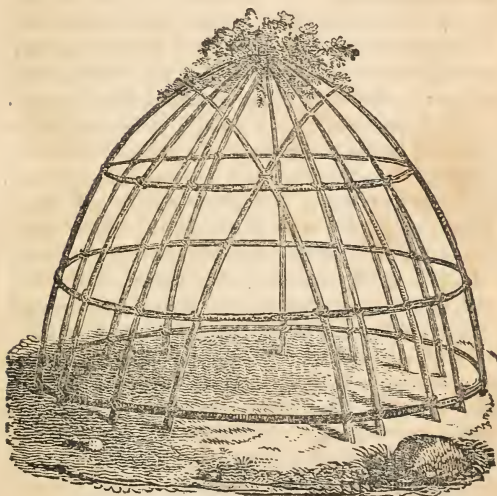
Mother.—He first supplied himself with a quantity of the ashes of wild poplar bark. He then marked out the figures in his skin with a small stick, with several fine needles in the end. These drawing blood, the ashes were sprinkled over the wounds, and left to dry; after which the marks appeared.

Samuel.—O how mournful to see so much precious time wasted, which might be spent in preparing for a better world.

Mother.—We are informed, however, that the same practice prevailed among the Israelites. Bishop Lowth says it was a common practice with them to make marks on their hands and arms, representing the temple, to show their affection for it; and that they had a method of making these marks indelible. "This art," says he, "is practised by travelling Jews, all over the world, to this day." And he thinks it was in allusion to this custom that the Lord says to Zion, "Behold, I have *graven them on the palms of my hands.*" Isa. 49:16.

CONVERSATION III.

INDIAN HOUSES — FURNITURE — FOOD — COOK-
ERY, &c.



Caroline.—What kind of houses do the Indians live in, Mother?

Mother.—The Indians have always lived in rudely built huts, called *wigwams*. This picture represents one of them. When the Euro-

peans first came to this country, the Indian wigwams were generally made of small young trees, bent, and twisted together, something like what you see in the picture, and covered with mats, bark, or boughs. The fire was made in the centre, and a hole was left in the top, to let out the smoke.

Eliza.—I think they must have had smoky houses, Mother.

Mother.—Yes; their houses were never free from smoke; and in rainy or windy weather they covered the hole in the top, so that the wigwam was little better than a smoke-house.

John.—Where is the door, Mother? I don't see any in the picture.

Mother.—You see an open place on one side. That is the door. It was generally left open; but in the night, and in storms, a mat or piece of bark was hung over it. Sometimes they built their wigwams of dry poles, instead of young trees; and when they moved, they would bundle up their poles, strap them upon their shoulders, and march off to another place, where they would have their house set up in a few hours. They chose such spots as afforded them the best means of obtaining fuel and food. Generally, a cluster of wigwams might be seen in the neighbourhood of good springs, brooks, or rivers, where they could get plenty of fresh fish and fresh water.

John.—How large were their wigwams, Mother?

Mother.—They were generally about fifteen feet long, and ten feet wide.

Eliza.—O, Mother! how could a whole family live in such a small house?

Mother.—Not only a whole family, but often two or three families, lived in one of these huts, separated only by mats and boughs. Sometimes the wigwams were made larger, and a still greater number lived together. At the south, the Indians frequently surrounded their villages with walls, made of poles, about ten or twelve feet long, stuck closely together in the ground, to defend them against their enemies. The houses of their chiefs and their idols were generally defended in this manner.

Eliza.—Are the wigwams of the Indians at the north and west now built in the same way, Mother?

Mother.—They are very similar, except that they are built of rough logs instead of poles. Sometimes they have a floor of planks, and perhaps a few shelves, and nails driven into the walls. But at a distance from the white settlements their customs remain very much the same that they were two hundred years ago. However, the houses of the Indians along the banks of the Columbia river are much superior. They are from twenty to sixty feet long, and from fourteen to twenty wide. In some instances they are still larger. They are built by setting up stout posts of split timber, from fourteen to eighteen feet high, in the centre; across the top of which they lay a large round beam or pole, for the ridge of the roof. On each side of this range is placed another, about five feet high, which form the eaves of the house. They

sometimes dig down four or five feet, so as to make the floor as much below the top of the ground, so that the eaves come very near the surface of the earth. Rafters are placed from the lower to the upper beams, and tied on with cedar bark; and several ranges of small poles are placed across these, and tied in the same way. The sides are made of wide boards, sunk into the ground. At the upper end they are fastened by a pole, placed on the outside, and tied to the eave-pole. The roof is covered with a double range of thin boards, except a hole of two or three feet in the centre, for the smoke to pass out. The door is made by cutting a small hole through the boards, just large enough for a person to pass through. The largest houses are divided by partitions, and several families live in each room. In the centre a hole is dug, about a foot deep, and six or eight feet square, enclosed by four pieces of square timber, for a fire-place.

Carolinc.—What kind of beds do the Indians sleep on, Mother?

Mother.—Their best bed is a mat, a skin, or a heap of boughs. Those I have just been describing have mats spread round the fires, which they use for seats in the day-time, and beds at night. They have also a kind of shelf against the wall, which serves as a bed.

John.—O, Mother! I think that would be a hard bed to sleep on. How could they keep warm in the cold winter nights?

Mother.—They keep up a large fire in the middle of the room; and when one side gets

cold, they turn over. An old writer says:—"Sweet rest is not confined to soft beds; for nature and custom give sleep to these Americans on the earth, or on a board."

Eliza.—Why, Mother, I could not sleep so at all. I could not rest on a hard board, or on the ground.

Mother.—My dear child, here you may see the *force of habit*. You have always slept on a soft bed; but if you had been accustomed, from your infancy, to sleep on the floor, you would rest as well as the Indians do. Many of the comforts of civilized life are made necessary by long habit.

Caroline.—What kind of chairs do the Indians sit upon, Mother?

Mother.—They have no such thing as a chair or a stool. They sit on their beds, or on the bare ground, with their elbows upon their knees. You will understand me, however, as speaking of the Indians in their *rudest state*, as they were when the English first came to this country. At the present day, many of their tribes are partly civilized, and brought under the influence of the Gospel. These have adopted many of the useful customs and arts of civilized life. But the great mass of the Indians are yet in the same rude condition that they were when the Europeans first visited this country.

Eliza.—Had they no furniture, Mother?

Mother.—They had a few wooden and stone vessels and instruments, with neatly woven baskets of osier or birch bark. They had no steel or iron instruments. Their knives were

made of sharp stones, bones, shells, or a kind of reed. With these they cut their hair, made their bows and arrows, prepared their food, &c. They had also mortars, stone pestles, chisels, and other instruments, which are frequently found buried in the ground, in almost every part of the country. They dressed their corn with a clam shell, or a stick, flattened at one end. A cockle shell, holding about half a pint, was used as a spoon. They carried water in a gourd or squash shell. But the Indians who live near the white settlements, at the present day, have given up most of these things, and adopted the more convenient articles used by the whites.

Caroline.—Well, Mother, what did the Indians eat?

Mother.—They had all kinds of wild game, such as moose, deer, rackoons, geese, turkeys, ducks, eels, and fish. In the summer they had also green corn, beans, squashes, melons, and the various fruits which the country produced in a state of nature. In the winter they lived chiefly upon such of their summer vegetables as they could keep, together with nuts, acorns, and lily roots. These things they ate without any kind of seasoning. They had no spice, salt, butter, cheese, nor milk. They had no regular meals. They ate whenever they were hungry, and could find any thing to eat.

Caroline.—Couldn't they always get enough to eat, Mother?

Mother.—No; sometimes, especially when engaged in war, they had nothing for several days at a time. But when they had provisions,

they ate heartily enough, to make up for their fasting.

John.—Mother, is it good for people to go without food so long, and eat so heartily?

Mother.—No; it is very injurious to the health of civilized people. I cannot say what effect *habit* may have, with the Indians, in preventing its bad effects, but I have no doubt their health is injured by it. Irregular habits in eating and drinking are very injurious. However, *fasting* is better than *feasting*; and when a person feels unwell, to go without food, or eat very sparingly, for a single day, may be better than taking medicine. But to overload the stomach after, it will prevent its good effects. People ought to have regular meals, at stated times, every day, and eat nothing between meals. Gluttony is a very great sin. It is spoken of in the Bible in connexion with drunkenness, and ought to be viewed with equal abhorrence, as a sin against nature and against God.

Caroline.—What is gluttony, Mother?

Mother.—It is to eat more than is necessary to support nature, for the sake of gratifying our appetites.

Samuel.—Well, Mother, how much food is necessary to support nature?

Mother.—Much less than is generally supposed. There is such an abundance of every thing in this country, that the temptation to this sin is very great; and people's appetites are so pampered with rich seasonings and dainties, as greatly to increase the mischief. Physicians and others, who have made the subject their

study, give it as their opinion, that most people eat at least twice the quantity of food that is necessary.

John.—Well, does it hurt them to eat more than is necessary?

Mother.—Yes. Gluttony, like drunkenness, brings its own punishment. More food than is necessary to support nature overtakes the stomach, and makes digestion difficult and laborious.

Caroline.—What is digestion, Mother?

Mother.—The operation of the stomach, in changing the nourishing qualities of food into blood, is called *digestion*.

John.—But will not a person be stronger to eat heartily?

Mother.—Overloading the stomach weakens the body, instead of strengthening it. Less nourishment will be obtained from a heavy meal than from a light one, because the stomach cannot completely digest the former. Besides, when food is imperfectly digested, the blood is imperfectly formed, and so the whole system becomes deranged. I have no doubt that half the bad feelings of people, and especially of children, arise from eating too much.

Caroline.—Why, how do people feel when they eat too much?

Mother.—The first bad feelings which gluttony produces are, uneasiness at the stomach, dullness, drowsiness, and dislike to effort of any kind. This is attended with fretfulness and ill-nature. Afterwards it produces head-ache, and many other unpleasant feelings. If it is continued, so as to become habitual, it will bring

on dyspepsy, liver complaints, and many other painful disases.

Caroline.—Well, Mother, if eating too much will make people cross, I dont wonder that Mrs. Slack's children are ill-natured. I never saw them but they had cakes or pieces of meat in their hands; and they are so cross, nobody can touch them, or speak to them, but they will fret and cry.

Mother.—I have no doubt that is the cause. They eat too much, and that makes them feel uneasy, and they think they must have more. Their mother supposes they are hungry, and indulges them; so that their little stomachs are continually burdened with food. This makes them feel uncomfortable, and cross. The sweetest tempered children I ever saw, are those who have light meals, at set times in the day, and eat nothing between them.

Eliza.—Why does it hurt people to eat between meals, Mother?

Mother.—Because it takes from three to five hours for a meal to digest. If any more food is taken during this time, it is like increasing the load of a horse while he has as much as he can carry already. And after one meal is digested, the stomach needs rest before another is taken. But we have wandered from our subject. Let us return to the Indians again. The southern Indians suffered less from want of food than the northern. They could obtain a greater abundance of game and fish; and the forests furnished them with more fruits. There they had plenty of wild cherries, plums, currants, berries, chest-

nuts, hazle nuts, hickory nuts, walnuts, wild grapes, peas, cucumbers, melons, potatoes, and pumpkins. Most of these grew in New England, but not in large quantities. However, they had strawberries in great abundance.

Eliza.—Indeed, Mother, I think they might live very well upon such delicious fruits. But how did they cook their food?

Mother.—Their cookery was very simple; but simple cookery has this benefit, that it needs no sauce; for it always gives a good stomach. A person whose palate is accustomed to rich dainties, knows little of the delicious taste of simple food. The Indians made a good dish of boiled acorns, chestnuts, or walnuts. From the latter they also obtained an oil for anointing the hair. They used to bruise strawberries or dried currants in a mortar, and mix them with meal, making a sort of bread. The Southern Indians used to boil their corn ten or twelve hours, and make it into a sort of pudding, which they called *hominy*. They also made a number of other pretty good dishes of corn. When ripe and dry, it was pounded in a mortar, made into flat cakes, and baked on hot ashes. With the dough of which these cakes were made, they would often mix boiled pumpkins, beans, chestnuts, dried venison pounded to a powder, or berries. Parched corn was often taken by the hunter on his long chases; and a small quantity would last him several days. They also had *sugar*, which they made from the sap of the maple tree.

Eliza.—How did they cook their meat, Mother?

Mother.—They had three methods of cook-

ing their flesh and fish. They boiled them in vessels made of bark or clay, by putting red hot stones into the water. They broiled on the coals; and roasted, either by covering up with hot ashes, or upon sticks placed at a little distance from the fire. This was called *barbacuing*. You will see it represented in this picture.



Caroline.—Do the Indians now cook in the same way, Mother?

Mother.—The western and northern tribes continue most of these methods of cookery; but many of them have learned the use of cooking furniture from the whites. The Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains, however, have not yet many necessaries of this kind. Their *kitchen furniture* consists of a large square kettle, made of cedar, a few platters made of ash, and awkward spoons of the same.

Caroline.—Why, Mother, how can they cook in wooden kettles? I should think the kettles would burn.

Mother.—They fill the kettles with water, and throw in hot stones, till it boils. Then they put in their meat, and cover the kettle with a mat. In this way, they will boil a large salmon in less than twenty minutes. But they are very filthy in their habits of cookery.

Eliza.—I suppose the Indians are not very particular about what they eat; are they, Mother?

Mother.—Some of them are, and some are not. The Five Nations, in New-York, would eat almost any thing. The Chippewas eat the wildcat, panther, fox, muskrat, and wolf; also, the horse and dog, which the southern tribes would scarcely eat to save their lives. Some of them will cut up their birds, and boil them without any preparation but pulling out a part of the feathers. They also eat oil and fat, which no white man could endure. Many tribes, especially about the lakes, and along the rivers west of the Rocky Mountains, which run to the

Pacific Ocean, live almost entirely upon fish. A traveller gives an account of a curious dish which he saw the women preparing, at some place beyond the Rocky Mountains. They were boiling sorrel, and different kinds of berries, with the *eggs of fish*, in large square kettles, made of cedar. After it was sufficiently boiled, they took it out with ladles, and made it into cakes, which they dried in the sun. These cakes are packed away in chests, and preserved.

Samuel.—I have heard it said that the Indians ate human flesh. Is it true, Mother?

Mother.—Some of the most ferocious tribes have been accused of cannibalism, or eating human flesh; but I cannot find any evidence of it. On the contrary, I find that a feeling of abhorrence against this unnatural practice prevails among many tribes. It is true, that, under circumstances of extreme suffering from hunger, instances have been known among them where human flesh has been eaten. But this does not prove that they were *cannibals*; for such instances were known even among the Jews; and the same thing sometimes happens at the present day, in cases of shipwreck. About a hundred years ago there was a very hard winter. In the early part of that winter, an Indian woman in Ohio undertook to cross the Allegheny Mountains, with her three children, to visit her relations. But before she had finished her journey, the way was so much blocked up with snow, that she had to stop. She built a little hut, and made herself and children as comfort-

able as she could. She had very little provisions; so she put herself and children upon a short allowance, hoping that the weather would become more mild, or the snow so crusted that she could walk over it. To make her little stock last as long as she could, she mixed with it the withered grass that she found on the edge of the river, and some barks, which she boiled. But the snow continued falling till it was six feet deep; so that she could no longer get even this miserable food. The wolves hovered round her wigwam night and day; and she could only keep them off by throwing fire-brands at them; while it required all her time and strength to keep fire enough to prevent her children from freezing. At length she and her children were on the point of starving to death; and she finally determined to destroy her youngest child, to save the rest.

Caroline.—O, Mother, I can't bear to think of it! how horrible! Did she kill it with her own hand? What a cruel mother!

Mother.—She turned away her head, and with a trembling hand, and a loud cry of despair, took away its life.

Eliza.—O, Mother, I should rather starve to death than do such an act.

Mother.—Yes; it would be your duty, under such circumstances, to trust your life in the hands of the Lord; and it would be better to die, than to disobey God.

John.—Well, did this last till she could go on her journey?

Mother.—The wolves got scent of her horrid

food, and became more furious than before. They came howling round her continually, in a most frightful manner. She wept, and prayed to the Great Spirit; but no relief came. Her food was again spent. She determined to sacrifice another child, and her hand was lifted up to give the fatal blow; but she suddenly heard the yell of two savages, and the weapon dropped from her hand. They had travelled over the deep snow with snow-shoes. They made a pair for her, and took the children in their arms. In this way they soon reached the place where she was going. The place where this happened was called by all the Indians in that part of the country *Enda Mahatink*, which means "the place where human flesh was eaten." This shows that they maintained a settled abhorrence of this unnatural practice. Another story, related by Alexander Henry, a man who travelled much among the Indians, shows the existence of the same feeling at a place a great distance from this. In the winter of 1767 he went with a party of white men to Oak Bay, on the north side of Lake Superior, for the purpose of catching fish. While there they were joined by a party of Indians, who were on the point of starving; for it seemed to be a time of general want. Two days after a young Indian came out of the woods alone. He told them that he had left the family to which he belonged in a starving condition, unable to pursue their journey to that place. His appearance was frightful; and his breath smelt so intolerable that the Indians would not go near him. Some

of them came to Mr. Henry, and told him that they suspected the young Indian of having killed and eaten the family that he stated he had left behind. Henry questioned him about it, and he denied the charge; but he did it in such a manner as to increase the suspicion against him. To satisfy themselves, the Indians followed his track a day's journey, and came back, bringing with them a human hand and skull. The hand had been left roasting before a fire; and some other parts of the body were seen hanging upon the bushes. The young man then confessed his crime. He said the family consisted of his uncle and aunt, four children, and himself. One of the children was a boy of fifteen years of age. His uncle, after firing at several wild beasts, and missing them, became discouraged, and concluded that it was the will of the Great Spirit that he should perish. He tried to persuade his wife to kill him, but she would not. But the two young men, the one the nephew, and the other the son of the poor man, agreed to murder him, as he said, to prevent him from killing them. After they had accomplished their purpose, they ate his body. But famine pressed upon them still more closely, and they killed and ate the three younger children. They lived upon their flesh for some time, and then set out for the lake, carrying with them their horrid food. The woman was too feeble to travel, and they left her to her fate. On their way their foul victuals failed, and the young man killed his compa-

nion. It was a part of the remains of this lad that the Indians had found at the fire.

Eliza.—O what a horrid story! How true it is, that the heathen are “*without natural affection.*”

Mother.—Yes, my dear Eliza, that is a general mark of heathenism. But the Indians in general are not so bad as this; while many white people, even in this land of gospel light, are guilty of crimes almost as unnatural as this. It is so common for a man to get drunk, and abuse his wife and children in the most inhuman manner, that we think nothing of it. And how often do we hear of men murdering, in a drunken frolic, those whom nature itself requires them to protect and love. But the rest of the Indians looked upon the conduct of this man with abhorrence. It is a common belief among them, that the horrid wretch who once eats human flesh must suffer the punishment of never being satisfied with any other food. The conduct of this young man seemed to favor this opinion. He ate nothing that was given him with a good relish, but fixed his eyes continually upon the children, and frequently exclaimed, “How fat they are!”

Samuel.—Mother, do you really suppose this notion was true? It seems to me too much like superstition.

Mother.—I cannot say how far God may make such an unnatural crime the means of its own punishment. But the conduct of the young man may be accounted for upon natural prin-

ciples. After having lived so long upon such a foul diet, it is not strange that he should have no relish for food. And as he had been for a long time accustomed to look only upon those who were lean and pale, for want of food, it is no wonder that his eyes should be fixed upon the bloom of health, in the countenances of well-fed children. However, the Indians became suspicious that he would kill their children, and eat them, and they put him to death. This story shows that *eating human flesh* could not have been common among them; and that it was held in just abhorrence.

CONVERSATION IV.

MARRIAGES.

Eliza.—Mother, do the Indians marry, and live in families, as the white people do?

Mother.—Yes; but in examining their customs, in respect to marriage and family relations, you will see how much we are indebted to the Christian religion for the freedom of choice, and the domestic comfort and happiness which we enjoy. Among many tribes, the affair of marriage is managed altogether by the parents.

Samuel.—And don't the persons who are to be married have any thing to say about it?

Mother.—Nothing at all; though the parents do not often make an arrangement of the kind without having first noticed some attachment between the young persons who are to be married.

Eliza.—Well, Mother, how do the parents manage the affair?

Mother.—The mother of the young man frequently commences, by taking a present of a leg of venison, a piece of fat bear's meat, or something of the kind, to the wigwam where the young woman lives, not forgetting to mention that her son was the hunter of the game. If the mother of the young woman approves of the match, she prepares a savory dish of victuals, perhaps of beans or Indian corn, and gives it to the mother of the young man, saying, "This is the produce of my daughter's field." If the young people pronounce the articles sent them "*very good*," the bargain is concluded. A few other presents are exchanged. The young people grow intimate with each other. The young man raises a wigwam. The parents perhaps supply him with a kettle, a few bowls and baskets, axes and hoes, and the match is made up. They live together as man and wife. You see how little of sentiment and feeling there is in this. It seems like the parents saying one to another, "My son can provide your daughter with the best of game."—"My daughter can supply your son with plenty of beans and corn." The young people appear

satisfied if they can get the wants of nature supplied. But the true source of domestic felicity is in the *union of mind*, and the cultivation of the social affections. Christianity purifies the heart, elevates the soul, and fits man for the purest earthly enjoyments, as well as for the superior bliss of heaven.

Eliza.—Mother, do you think it right for young people to marry without the consent of their parents.

Mother.—Not while they remain within the reach of the parents' influence. If they have grown up, and left their parents, so that they have not an opportunity of consulting them, they should act from their own judgment. But no child, that knows the anxiety of a parent's heart, can disregard his wishes on a point so intimately connected with the best interests of his beloved offspring, without being guilty of the basest ingratitude. Consider with what anxious solicitude the parents have watched over their children, from their earliest infancy. Can it be expected that they should feel no interest in the choice which is to make them happy or miserable for life? And is it consistent with filial duty to destroy their peace, by a connexion which is displeasing to them? There is quite too much disposition, at the present day, to cast off parental authority; and it seems sometimes to be considered almost praise-worthy in this case. I have no doubt that the foolish novel reading, which has prevailed so much for many years past, has had a great influence in producing this depraved sentiment.

Samuel.—But ought children to make themselves miserable through life, to gratify the whims of their parents in this matter? Ought they not to be allowed to judge for themselves?

Mother.—There may be instances where the parents are *unreasonable*. But these are *extreme cases*, which are always exceptions to general rules. Parents ought not to endeavor to force a connexion which is disagreeable to either party; because this would make their children miserable. But they may have good cause for refusing their consent to a union which is desired on the part of the children. In this case, the child should, from mere regard to the feelings of the parent, if from no other cause, submit to his judgment.

Eliza.—But may not the disappointment make the child miserable?

Mother.—If the child is governed by romantic feelings instead of Christian principle, it may have this effect. But the grace of God is sufficient to enable us to conquer any feeling which we ought not to indulge; and it is our duty to be controlled by Christian principle in all things. A Christian, who suffers any disappointment to make him miserable, is going far astray from his duty. A child-like submission, under disappointments and crosses, will make them the means of wholesome moral discipline; and so a great blessing. But a turbulent unsubdued heart, will make any affliction a source of misery. Young people, who still live with their parents, do wrong to form such attachments without first consulting them. You see how Esau grieved

his parents, by marrying without consulting them; and he was forsaken of God. Gen. 28: 46; 28:1—7.

John.—Well, how do the Indians manage when they have no parents?

Mother.—Sometimes the young man proposes the matter directly to the girl he wishes to marry, in the fewest words possible. If she answers favorably, she either goes to live with him immediately, or meets him at an appointed time and place. Sometimes, instead of expressing his wishes in words, he goes and sits by the side of the young woman, in her wigwam. If she sits still, it is understood that she consents, and the marriage is concluded. But there are a great many different customs among the various tribes. Among the Chippewas, they make matches for their girls while they are very young, and give them to such as they think best able to support them.

Eliza.—And don't the girls have any thing to say about it, Mother?

Mother.—No; their inclination is not consulted.

Eliza.—Why, that is treating them as if they had no minds and no feelings.

Mother.—Yes, my dear Eliza. You will see hereafter how the Indian females are degraded.

Caroline.—Mother, can't you tell us a story about Indian marriages? I like the stories.

Mother.—My dear, you must not be too fond of hearing stories. If you listen to them just for the sake of gratifying your curiosity, my labor will be lost. My object is to give you in-

struction. If you will listen to me for the sake of learning the customs of the Indians, I will tell you a story. A Mr. Tanner was taken prisoner by a party of Indians, while he was very young. He lived among different tribes of the North Western Indians about thirty years. It was a long time after he had grown up, and had become a hunter, before he thought of marrying; for he still hoped to return to his friends. On this account, he refused several offers which were made to him. He had been adopted as a son by one of the Indians, and brought up according to their style. One day, while he was living in the neighborhood of Lake Minipeg, Net-no-kwa, his Indian mother, came to him, and said, "My son! you see I have grown old. I am scarce able to make your moccasins, and to dress and preserve your skins. You are a man, and a hunter. It is right you should have some one who is young and strong to look after your property, and take charge of your wigwam. Wa-ge-tote, who is a good man, will give you his daughter; and in this way, too, you will gain the advantage of his friendship and protection." The old woman had talked the matter over with Wa-ge-tote, and given him to understand that Tanner was well disposed to the match. And she told Tanner that the agreement was made, and it would not be possible to break it off. But he would not consent to marry her, and the young woman found another husband.

Samuel.—I suppose if he had been an Indian he would not have thought of refusing.

Mother.—No, I suppose he would not. About a year after this, when he was twenty-one years old, an old Indian, called the *Musk-rat's-liver*, brought his grand-daughter to Tanner's wigwam. She was a handsome girl, and Tanner liked her appearance; but his mother, Net-no-kwa, told him that she was by no means fit to become his wife, and advised him to take up his gun, and move off, to prevent being troubled any farther by the old man.

Samuel.—Did he take her advice this time, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; he made a hunting camp at some distance, and did not return till the old Indian had given up the hope of marrying him to his grand-daughter. But soon after he returned to the village where Net-no-kwa lived, he saw a good looking young woman walking about, and smoking a pipe.

Eliza.—What! a young woman smoking a pipe! how ridiculous!

Mother.—Yes, it is indeed so; but it is a common practice with the Indians for all, both male and female, to smoke.

Samuel.—I am not so much surprised, Mother, that these barbarous people should be fond of tobacco, for it has an intoxicating effect upon them, and it agrees well with their indolent habits; but I am astonished that *Christian* people should waste their time and injure their health by smoking this filthy weed, or make themselves offensive to others by chewing or snuffing it.

John.—Well, Mother, did Mr. Tanner marry the young woman?

Mother.—She noticed him from time to time, and at last walked up, and asked him to smoke with her. He told her that he never smoked. “Ah!” said she, “you do not wish to touch my pipe: that is the reason you will not smoke with me.” Tanner was not fond of smoking; but he took the pipe, and smoked for some minutes. She remained some time talking with him, and he began to be pleased with her. After this they met frequently, and began to be strongly attached to each other.

Caroline.—What was her name, Mother?

Mother.—It was Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, which means the “Red-sky-of-the-morning.”

Eliza.—Why that is quite a romantic name.

Mother.—Yes. But it was soon noised about that they were very intimate; and it made much talk among the old men and women who wanted to have their daughters married. It seems that the old people were very anxious to get their girls married to the white man; for when they saw any disposition in Tanner to marry, they were for presenting the claims of their daughters. Even the old man, whose grand-daughter had been rejected, came to him with another grand-daughter. “This,” said he to Net-no-kwa, “is the handsomest and best of all my descendants; I come to offer her to your son.” Net-no-kwa had always treated this young woman with kindness. Every body thought she would make the best wife of any girl in the village. But Net-no-kwa took Tanner aside, and told him that the girl was handsome and good, but he must not marry her, because she had a

disease upon her which would destroy her within a year. She said he must marry a strong healthy woman. She therefore advised him to make the girl a handsome present, and send her back to her friends. This he did; and in less than a year she died.

Samuel.—Mother, don't you think the old woman gave pretty good advice?

Mother.—Yes; she appears to have been a shrewd old woman. But Tanner and the *Red-sky-of-the-morning* grew more intimate. One night he came home late from a visit to the young woman, crept slyly into his wigwam, and threw himself down to sleep. In the morning he was waked at break of day by a smart rapping on his naked feet. He saw the old woman standing before him, with a stick in her hand. "Up! up!" said she, "you, who are about taking to yourself a wife; up, and start after *game*. It will raise you more in the opinion of the woman you would marry, than to see you dressed ever so gaily, standing about the village after the hunters are all gone out." He could make no objection; so he got up, put on his moccasins, took his gun, and went off. Before noon he came home with a load of moose meat, as heavy as he could carry, and threw it down before Net-no-kwa, saying, "Here, old woman, is what you called for in the morning." She was much pleased, and praised him for his success. After this, he had no doubt of her being favorable to his match. He was now more diligent in hunting; and generally came home with meat in the early part of the day. He then dressed

himself as handsomely as he could, and walked about the village. But Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa now pretended to be unwilling to marry him. This, however, failed of the effect she intended. Tanner grew more cool, and made several attempts to break off the acquaintance. But the attachment between them was too strong for this; and as he became shy of her, she grew more affectionate, and reproached him for his coldness. After a while he had occasion to go a long journey. When he returned, he saw the young woman sitting in his own place, in his wigwam. He stopped at the doorway, and hesitated about going in, and she hung down her head. Net-no-kwa spoke to him in rather a harsh tone, saying, "Ha! will you turn back from your own door, and put this young woman to shame? The affair has been of your seeking, and not mine or hers. You have been following her about the village: now you would turn aside from her, and make her appear like one who has tried to thrust herself in your way." Tanner saw that the old woman was right; and he still felt a secret affection for young *Red Sky*. He went in and sat by her; and so they became man and wife. It afterwards appeared that, while Tanner was gone, Net-no-kwa had made a bargain with the parents of the young woman, and brought her home, supposing that she could easily reconcile him to it. I have related this simple story, that you might learn something of the manners of these rude people in relation to marriage. And by comparing the customs I have described with those which prevail among

Christian people, you will see the hallowed influence which the Gospel exerts over all the relations of life.

CONVERSATION V.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

Samuel.—Mother, you have told us about Indian marriages. I would like now to hear about their funerals. I think I shall be able to learn from their funeral ceremonies something about their ideas of a future state.

Mother.—Yes, my son; you will see from their funeral ceremonies, something of the mournful darkness which hangs over their minds; and how much they need the blessed light of the Gospel. The Indians of the various tribes generally agree in paying a marked attention to the remains of the dead. They are commonly buried in a sitting posture. The grave is sometimes lined with birch bark, or fortified with a wooden frame inside, which answers instead of a coffin. If an Indian dies on a hunting tour, away from home, his remains are preserved by burning, or in some other way, and carried home. Sometimes a scaffold is built, and the corpse is kept for some time on it. This scaf-

fold is perhaps ornamented with a wild vine, planted so as to run over it.

Caroline.—What do they put the corpse on such a place for, Mother?

Mother.—They do it to protect the dead from the wild beasts, and to keep their remains in sight of their friends, as a consolation. The Chippewas sometimes build a fire on the grave for several nights after a person is buried. The practice of making presents to the dead prevails among all the tribes. The arms, paints, and ornaments of the New England tribes were buried with them. The Canadian Indians used to strip themselves of their most valuable ornaments, to adorn the corpse; and they would frequently open the grave, to exchange the old decorations for new ones. They would also carry food, and place it on the ground, near the grave. Among the Spokans, a tribe of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, when a man dies, several horses are killed, and their skins placed on the ends of long poles, which are stuck up on his grave. The number of horses sacrificed varies according to the wealth of the individual. Besides the horse skins, buffalo and deer robes, leather shirts, blankets, pieces of blue, green, and scarlet cloth, strips of calico, moccasins, provisions, weapons of war, &c., are placed in and about the grave.

Caroline.—Why, Mother, what good do they think these things will do them in the other world?

Samuel.—I think I can see something of their ideas of a future state from this. I suppose

they think the next world will be very much like this; that they will be employed in the same way; and that they will be pleased with the same things. So they make these presents to the dead to supply their wants.

Mother.—Yes, my son, you are right. You see from this, the deplorable darkness of their minds. They have no ideas of spiritual existence. Their views extend no farther than mere animal enjoyment.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, how do they think the dead can carry these things with them to the other world?

Mother.—You see that their notions of a future state are indistinct and confused.

John.—Do they think the dead persons eat the food they leave at the graves?

Mother.—I suppose this food is generally eaten by the wolves, or other wild animals; and they are superstitious enough to believe the deceased persons eat it. However, it is said that the custom of burying treasures with the dead to whom they belonged prevailed even among the Israelites. Josephus informs us that three thousand talents of gold, or about two millions of dollars, were taken from the tomb of David thirteen hundred years after his death.

Caroline.—Do the Indians mourn for the death of their friends, Mother?

Mother.—Yes, they all practise mourning in some form. Among the Canadians, as soon as a sick person died, the corpse was *laid out*, and placed near the door of the wigwam, and the

relatives commenced weeping and crying. Sometimes other mourners were hired.

Eliza.—Mourners hired! How could a person be hired to mourn? I thought mourning was *grief of heart*.

Mother.—The mourning of a person of refined feeling and delicate sensibility will be simply *grief of heart*. But among all barbarous people it is customary to make a great ado, and indulge in noisy grief. However, this practice prevailed with the ancients, even among the most civilized nations. The Jews tore their garments, and cried out with loud and bitter cries. Gen. 50:10. Esther 4:1. If you will turn to the second section of the seventh chapter of the first volume of Nevin's Biblical Antiquities, you will discover, I think, a great resemblance between the customs of the Indians and of the Israelites in their ceremonies of mourning.

Samuel.—Yes; he says, "It was usual, at the death of individuals of any importance, to employ some women to act as mourners on the occasion." And Jeremiah says, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come, for a voice of wailing is heard." Jer. 9:17, 19.

Mother.—During the funeral ceremonies of the Indians, the relatives of the deceased person entertained all who came, as long as they were able to furnish provisions. After this, games

were played for prizes, such as races, and shooting at a mark.

Samuel.—O, Mother, how could they engage in such sports on such an occasion? I thought such plays were signs of rejoicing, rather than grief.

Mother.—Wild and extravagant bursts of feeling are seldom deep and lasting; and among the heathen, generally, there is a wonderful perversion of feeling, and even of natural sympathy. However, the mourning of the relatives continued a year, or more, under very severe regulations. The nearest friends were obliged to have all their hair cut off, and their faces blacked; and forbidden to look any person in the face, make any visit, eat any thing hot, or warm themselves at a fire.

Caroline.—Was not that very cruel, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; even the tender mercies of the heathen are cruelty. It is most unnatural to deprive a person of the sympathy of friends, and the comforts of life, just at the time when he most needs them. This severe regulation was, however, chiefly confined to the widow and widower; and the female continued her mourning a greater or less time, according to the will of the relations of her deceased husband.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, what right had they to control her?

Mother.—Among the heathen, females have always been degraded, and held in cruel bondage. It is to the influence of the Gospel that females in this country owe their freedom, their

comfort, and their happiness. But I will tell you more about this hereafter. Chiefs were expected to mourn only six months. Men never wept at all. They thought that inconsistent with the character of a warrior.

Samuel.—Why, Mother, do you think it any evidence of weakness for a man to weep?

Mother.—No: I think it shows a tenderness of heart and conscience, which softens the sterner features of the sex. A man certainly ought to be able to control his feelings, and not exercise a sickly sensibility upon every trifling occasion. But there are occasions when it is even manly to weep. A man ought not to be ashamed to weep before his Maker, on account of his own sins, and the sins of others. David wept because he saw the law of God broken, so that he compared his tears to *rivers of water*. Ps. 119:136. Nor ought he to be too proud to weep under afflictions, or in sympathy with the afflicted. Jeremiah wept night and day, on account of the calamities of his nation. Jer. 13:17; 14:17. And “Jesus wept” over the grave of his friend. John 11:35. A sublimer exhibition of Christian sympathy never was known. And no human being ever gave equal evidence of courage, fortitude, and manly firmness. The notion that it is a sign of weakness for a man to weep, is doubtless the offspring of haughty pride. Among the Chippewas, when an infant dies, the mother carries with her, for some time, an image of wood, in place of the child. And when the husband dies, the widow makes up a roll of her best clothes, with her

husband's ornaments attached to it. This she carries with her, to show that she is a widow, till the relatives of her husband call upon her, and take it away. Then she is at liberty to marry again. A woman was once left to mourn in this way for several years. At last she grew weary of it; and as some of her husband's friends were passing her wigwam, she went out, and told them that she was poor, and had no other clothes to wear but those wrapped up, which were *sacred*. She said she was not anxious to marry again, but she wanted liberty to make use of her clothes. They replied that they were going to Mackinaw, and would think of it. When they returned they found her still faithful; and they took the roll, which was called her husband, and gave her a handsome present of clothing, as a reward for her constancy.

Eliza.—O, Mother, what a cruel custom!

Mother.—Yet this is the mildest form of heathenism. Some of the northern tribes have what they call a "*feast with the dead*." This is eaten over the grave, from the notion that the soul of their deceased friend will come and eat with them.

Samuel.—Why, how do they think a spirit can eat and drink?

Mother.—This is another evidence of their confused notions of the state of the soul after it leaves the body.

John.—Mother, can't you tell us some stories?

Mother.—Yes, my son; I have thought of one just in point. A father and mother, among the

Sioux of the Mississippi, lost their favorite child, four years old. The father took it so much to heart, that he wounded his limbs with arrows and sharp broken flints. He mourned so hard, that he took sick and died. While her husband was alive, the woman gave herself up to grief. But as soon as he died she dried up her tears, and wore a countenance of cheerful resignation.

Caroline.—Why, Mother, was she glad he was dead? I don't think she loved him much.

Mother.—No, my dear, that was not the reason. She said the child was young, and unable to support itself in the land of spirits. She and her husband had been afraid it would suffer. But when she saw its father go to the same place, she was satisfied, for he loved the child with the tenderest affection: he was a good hunter, and would be able to provide for its support. She had now no reason to mourn, as the child was happy under the care and protection of a fond father. She only wished to be with them.

Samuel.—Mother, I think there was something noble and disinterested in the feelings of these people.

Mother.—Yes; I cannot but admire it; and I think if their minds had been under the influence of the Christian religion they would have exhibited a bright example. But this should call forth all our sympathies. How would these noble-hearted children of the forest have rejoiced if the hopes of the Gospel had been revealed to them. Look at their bewildering su-

perstitutions. They suppose that in the world of spirits they will require the same food for their bodies—that there will be hunting grounds—and that all their happiness will consist in mere animal gratification. What consolation would it have given them if they had been told that their little boy would need no food, and that God would take care of him, and make him happy. And O how disappointed the poor man must have been when he arrived at the world of spirits!

Samuel.—O, Mother, it is this chiefly that makes me feel for the heathen. I can find no encouragement in the Bible for the belief that they will be saved.

Mother.—Well, my dear son, think of the matter seriously; pray over it, and ask yourself, “What can I do for the heathen?”

Eliza.—Was there any difference between the funerals of the chiefs and the common people, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; they gave public honors to their chiefs, according to their rank and character. I will give a description of the funeral of the wife of SHINGASK, a distinguished Delaware chief. This will give you a sufficient idea of the funerals of chiefs. As soon as she was dead, some women, who had been appointed for the purpose, went through the village, crying “She is no more! She is no more!” The place was soon filled with mourning. Cries and lamentations were heard from all quarters. It seemed to be a simple expression of feeling for a general loss. The whole day passed away in

this manner. The next morning the corpse was laid in a coffin, dressed and painted in true Indian style.

Eliza.—Did they make the coffin, Mother?

Mother.—No; it was made by a white man that lived among them, who was a carpenter. She was dressed in new clothes, ornamented with rows of silver broaches, joining each other. Over the sleeves of her new ruffled shirt, were broad silver spangles, from her shoulders down to her wrists. On her wrists were a kind of mittens, worked together of wampum.

Caroline.—What is *wampum*, Mother?

Mother.—*Wampum* is the Indian name for *muscle shells*; which are the shells of a small fish. A number of these strung together is called a *string* of wampum; but when the string is six feet long, it is called a fathom, or belt of wampum. Before the white people came to this country, as these shells were scarce, and hard to cut into the shape they desired, they made their wampum chiefly of small pieces of wood, painted black or white. But the Europeans soon contrived to make strings of wampum both neat and elegant. These shells were either brown, violet, or white. The brown are often so dark that they pass for black. These pass for double the price of the other. Wampum was formerly used by the Indians for money. They also made it serve many other valuable purposes. The strings and belts answer the purpose of writings, to enable them to remember their treaties. The belts of wampum are made according to the importance of the subjects they

are to explain, or the dignity of the persons to whom they are to be delivered. A string is far less important than a belt. The dark colored wampum, when delivered with a message or a speech, always means something severe or doubtful; but the white is the color of peace. When war is declared, the belt is black, or marked with a blood color, having in the middle the figure of a hatchet, in white wampum. These strings and belts are carefully preserved in a chest, as public documents.

John.—O, Mother, I want to hear the rest of the story.

Mother.—Her long hair was plaited, and confined by broad bands of silver. On her neck were hung five broad belts of wampum. Her scarlet leggins were adorned with ribands, worked with beads. Her moccasins were covered with most striking figures, wrought in the leather with colored porcupine quills. Around her ankles were fastened a number of little silver bells, about as large as a musket bullet.

John.—She must have looked very grand, in the eyes of the savages, dressed up in such style.

Eliza.—But what good could all this do her when she was dead? Her body could not *feel*; and when her soul was called before the judgment seat of God, she would not mind what they were doing with her body.

Mother.—This was perfectly consistent with their heathenish ideas of a future state. As they supposed the dead to be pleased with the same things which gave them pleasure while on

earth, it was perfectly natural for them to provide for their gratification. But for us, who profess to be looking for higher enjoyments in the world of spirits, such parades in honor of the dead are highly inconsistent, approaching even to barbarism. A number of articles were brought out of the house, and put in the coffin, wherever there was room. Among these were a new shirt, a dressed deer skin, for moccasins, a pair of scissors, needles, thread, a knife, a pewter basin and spoon, a pint cup, and a number of trinkets, which she was fond of when living.

Eliza.—What use did they think she could make of these things, Mother?

Mother.—Here you see the same superstitious notions which we have noticed before. They supposed that she would need the same things in the world of spirits which she did here.

Samuel.—But how did they think she could get them? They did not believe the world of spirits to be in the grave, I suppose. And if it was above, how could these things get there?

Mother.—Superstition is always blind. Although infidels scoff at the Bible, yet it contains the only system of religion which will bear examination. You see the ideas of the Indians in relation to a future state are crude and unreasonable. They appear to have no higher ideas of heaven than a place where they will have fine hunting grounds, and plenty of game. But as I shall tell you about this more particularly when I come to talk of their religion, I will say no more about it at present.

After these things were put in the coffin, the lid was fastened on with three straps; and three polished round poles, five or six feet long, were laid across it, near each other, and fastened with straps made of a tanned elk's skin. A small bag of red paint was then put into the coffin, through a hole cut out at the end of it.

Caroline.—What is the hole for, Mother?

Mother.—The Indians say it is for the spirit of the deceased person to go in and out, till it has found a place to live.

Samuel.—What strange notions, Mother.

Mother.—Yes; heathenism is every where full of absurdities. After they had got every thing prepared, two men were placed at the first pole, two women at the second, and two men at the third, to carry the corpse to the grave. A leader walked before them, to guide the procession. Shingask came next to the bearers, followed by six principal chiefs. After these were men of all ranks; and then women and children. Last of all were two stout men, carrying loads of goods, of European manufacture. When the procession moved, [several women started off for the burying place, with large kettles, dishes, spoons, and dried meat. The chief mourners among the women walked fifteen or twenty yards from the body, to the right of the procession, and filled the air with their shrill and loud lamentations. When they reached the grave, the lid of the coffin was taken off, and they all seated themselves on the ground, in a half circle. The old chief sat alone, at a distance from the crowd, with his head bowed

down to the ground, to mourn silently by himself. The female mourners seated themselves among some low bushes, fifteen or twenty yards from the grave. In this situation they remained more than two hours. There was a great number collected together; yet all this time not a sound was heard. All seemed to be absorbed in solemn mourning. Sighs and sobs were now and then heard from the female mourners, but so suppressed as not to disturb the solemn stillness of the assembly. About one o'clock in the afternoon six men stepped forward, to put the lid upon the coffin. Three of the mourning women then suddenly rushed from their places, stood between these men and the corpse, and called out to the deceased to "arise, and go with them, and not to forsake them." They took hold of her limbs, as though they would caress her, and then pulled, as if they meant to run away with the body, crying out "Arise, arise! Come with us! Don't leave us! Don't abandon us!" At last they went away, pulling their clothes and hair, and uttering loud cries and lamentations. After they sat down, they continued crying and sobbing, pulling the grass and shrubs, as if bewildered with despair. This lasted about fifteen minutes; after which the six men again stepped forward, put on the lid, and let the coffin down into the grave. After this they laid two poles lengthwise, and close together, over the grave. Shingask then came forward, with a very slow pace, walked over the grave upon the poles, and proceeded some distance into a field, so as not to hear

what was doing at the grave. A post, on which figures were painted to show the rank of the deceased, was now brought forward by two men, and given to one of the chiefs. He placed it so that the foot of it rested upon the head of the coffin, taking care that a certain part of the paintings should face the east, towards the rising sun. Then, while he held the post, the women filled up the grave with hoes, and placed dry leaves and barks over it, so that the fresh ground could not be seen. Some men then made a fence of timbers, prepared before hand, about breast high, around the grave, so as to defend it from the wild beasts.

Samuel.—Though many parts of this ceremony are heathenish, yet, on the whole, it appears to me to have been very solemn. The old chief acted with great dignity and propriety. And I think I can see traces of native greatness and excellence behind these savage forms.

Mother.—Yes, my son; and the more you learn of the natives of North America, the more your sympathies will be excited, and the more anxious you will be that they should be brought out of heathenish darkness, into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel.

Samuel.—I think these very much like the Jewish ceremonies. Mr. Nevin says the mourning women among the Jews “chanted, in doleful strains, the virtues of the dead.” “The company of mourners did not confine their songs of lamentation to the house: when the funeral proceeded to the grave, they accompanied it all the

way, filling the air with sadness, and compelling others to weep with their mournful sounds."

Mother.—After the ceremony was over, the whole company sat down to a dinner, which had been prepared at a distance; after which, the goods, which had been brought by the two men in the rear, worth about two hundred dollars, were distributed to the multitude. In this distribution some regard was had to the part which each one had taken in the ceremony; but all, even the youngest, received their portion. The whole ceremony lasted six hours. At dusk a kettle of victuals was placed upon the grave. This was repeated every evening for three weeks; at the end of which they supposed the deceased had found her home in the land of souls. All this time the cries of the female mourners were heard every evening at the grave.

Eliza.—The planting of the post at the head of the grave is something like our grave-stones.

Mother.—Yes; and it is intended for nearly the same purpose—to represent the character of the deceased. This was practised by many tribes, and does not appear to have been borrowed from the whites. Sometimes a speaker was appointed, on such an occasion, to deliver an address in praise of the dead.

Eliza.—O, Mother, that is like the customs of this country.

Mother.—Yes; the same thing is often practised in all civilized countries, when great men die. But I will tell you another story, which

shows a resemblance between the customs of the Indians and the Jews. News was suddenly brought to an Indian woman that her son had fallen into the water, and was drowned. She immediately went away alone, and sat down on the ground, in deep distress. Her female friends soon followed her, and placed themselves around her in a circle, at a short distance. They continued a considerable time in melancholy silence, except now and then uttering a deep groan. All at once the mother put her hand on her mouth, and fell with her face flat on the ground. The rest followed her example; and all of them cried out with the most melancholy and dismal groanings. They continued lying for some time, with their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust. The men also, at a distance from the women, went through the same ceremony. That the Jews practised something very similar, on occasions of deep humiliation, will appear from several passages of Scripture. "Mark me, and be astonished, and *lay your hand upon your mouth.*" "The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth." "Behold! I am vile, what shall I answer me? I will lay my hand upon my mouth." Job 21:5; 29:9; 40:4. "The nations shall see, and be confounded; they shall lay their hand on their mouth." Micah 7:16. "He *putteth his mouth in the dust*, if so be there may be hope." Lam. 3:9. There are several north-western tribes, residing on Fraser's River, who are more savage in all their habits than any others I have ever read of.

Their funeral ceremonies are almost as barbarous and cruel as the burning of widows in India. When a man dies, his body is kept nine days, laid out in his lodge, and on the tenth day it is burned. For this purpose a rising spot of ground is chosen. On this is laid a number of sticks of cypress, neatly split, about seven feet long; and between these sticks is placed a quantity of gummy wood. While these preparations are making, they send invitations to the neighboring villages, for the people to come to the funeral. When every thing is prepared, the corpse is placed on the pile, which is immediately set on fire. While the corpse is burning the people are frolicking.

Eliza.—O how can they be so unfeeling as to frolic over a dead body!

Mother.—But you know the Apostle Paul says the heathen are "*without natural affection.*" Rom. 1:31. Here you see it is true. On these occasions, if a stranger is present, they will rob him; if not, they will quarrel among themselves.

Samuel.—Why that is very much like the *wakes* that some low people have in this country, when they sit up with a corpse, drink whiskey, quarrel, and fight among themselves.

Mother.—All the man's property is placed on the pile, and burned with him.

Eliza.—O, Mother, what good could that do him? How cruel to his wife and children, to burn up all they had.

Mother.—But this is not the worst treatment which she receives. During the nine days that

the corpse is laid out, the widow is obliged to sleep by the side of it from sunset to sunrise, even in the hottest days of the summer.

Eliza.—O how shocking.

Mother.—The doctor who attended the deceased is obliged to be present at the funeral. Before the fire is lighted he tries his skill, for the last time, in restoring life to the dead body. But as all his efforts fail, he throws a piece of leather, or some other article, on the body, as a present, to prevent the relations of the deceased from abusing him. While the doctor is performing this last operation, the widow must lie on the pile; and even after the fire is kindled she cannot stir till the doctor orders her to be removed; which he never does till her body is completely covered with blisters.

Samuel.—O, Mother, this makes me think of what David says: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Ps. 74: 20.

Caroline.—O I wish that missionaries could be sent to these Indians, to tell them about Jesus. I am sure they would not do so if they were Christians.

Mother.—I am glad you feel a sympathy for these poor sufferers. But I have not told you the worst yet. After she is taken off the pile, she is obliged to pass her hands through the flame, collect some of the fat that is broiling out of the corpse, and rub it on her face and body.

John.—O, horrible! Who makes her do this?

Mother.—The people; but chiefly the friends of the dead man. When they see the legs and arms of the corpse bending by the fire, they make her go again to the pile, and straighten them. If she has ever been unfaithful to her husband, in any way, his friends now take the opportunity of seeking revenge. They fling her on the funeral pile, from which she is dragged by her friends. In this way she is dragged backwards and forwards, till she falls down in a state of insensibility.

Eliza.—O, how is it possible for human beings to be so unfeeling!

Mother.—Here, my dear, you see what human nature is in its native deformity. It is only the kindly influence of the Gospel, acting upon society, that makes us any better than they. After the corpse is burned, the widow picks up the large bones, rolls them up in birch bark, and carries them for some years on her back. She is now considered and treated as a slave. She must obey the orders of all the women and children of the village; and if she makes the least mistake she is severely punished. The ashes of her husband are carefully collected, and buried; and it is her duty to keep the grave free from weeds. If any should appear, she is obliged to root them out with her fingers, while her husband's relatives stand by, and beat her in the most cruel manner until she has completed her task, if indeed their brutal treatment does not kill her before she has accomplished it.

Eliza.—O how I pity these poor miserable

women. Are these the horrors of heathenism? And can any body that enjoys the light of the blessed Gospel be unfriendly to the missionary cause? Mother, if all the people knew how these people suffer, don't you think they would give a great deal more to support the missionaries? O how thankful ought we to be in this blessed land! I suppose it is nothing but the Gospel that makes the condition of the females in this country so much better than in heathen lands.

Mother.—Yes, my dear; and it is to the Gospel that we are indebted for all the good institutions which we enjoy. But the present condition of the heathen is not the strongest argument for sending them the Gospel. They are living and dying without any ground of hope beyond the grave. There is no other way that they can be saved from their sins but by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; and how can they believe in him of whom they have never heard? And how can they hear without a preacher? But these wretched widows, not knowing what they have to expect hereafter, frequently kill themselves, to get rid of their misery. But if a woman should live three or four years, the friends of the husband agree to relieve her of her painful mourning. This is done with great ceremony; and they are generally six or eight months making preparations for it. They collect large quantities of meat and fur, and make a great feast, inviting the inhabitants of all the friendly villages. When they have all assembled, presents are made to every visiter. The

object of the meeting is explained, and the woman is brought forward. The bones of her husband are taken from her back, and put in a carved box, which is placed on a pole twelve feet high. Her conduct as a faithful widow is represented before the assembly, and one man powders her head with the down of birds, and another pours on it a bladder of oil. She is then free, and at liberty to marry again if she chooses.

Eliza.—Indeed, Mother, I should not think she would wish to try it again, after once enduring such suffering.

Mother.—Few of them do. They do not like to run the risk of being widows again.

Samuel.—What kind of a ceremony do they make, Mother, when a woman dies?

Mother.—The same. But the men do not bear it with as much fortitude; and many of them run away, to avoid the treatment, which has grown into a kind of religious rite in their own tribes.

CONVERSATION VI.

DOMESTIC HABITS — SOCIAL RELATIONS — DEGRADATION OF FEMALES.

Eliza.—Mother, you have been telling us about marriage among the Indians, but you have not told us whether the husband and wife live happily together.

Mother.—Christianity is the only system of religion which gives a proper sacredness to the marriage relation. In almost all heathen countries polygamy and divorce are allowed.

Caroline.—What is *polygamy*, Mother?

Mother.—It is for a man to have more than one wife.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, how can a man want more than one wife? It is shocking to think of it.

Mother.—Yes, my dear, it is shocking to every fine feeling of the heart. It is unnatural; and it introduces confusion into the very heart of society. But the worst feature about it is its degrading influence upon the female character. By this practice, woman, who was created to be the friend and companion of man, and to be entitled to equal privileges with him, becomes the slave of his passions. He is permitted to divide his affections between as many as he pleases; while the same fidelity and de-

votion to his interest is required of her as if she were the centre of his affections. At the same time she is harassed and tormented with the jealousy of her rivals; and the domestic circle, which should be the abode of peace and tranquillity, becomes a scene of jarring contention and strife. Wherever polygamy exists, there you will see the female character degraded and despised.

Samuel.—I believe that is all true, Mother. Yet I have been often perplexed that polygamy was allowed in Old Testament times. Jacob, David, Solomon, and many other holy men of old, had more than one wife.

Mother.—That is all true; but it does not follow that the practice was approved of God. It was indeed *permitted to exist*, just as God allows many other evils to exist under the administration of his government upon earth. But you will find no place in the word of God where it is *approved*. It is true these were good men; but they are no where held forth to us as perfect patterns. They were imperfect beings; and of course we cannot take *the whole* of their conduct as an example. We are only to imitate them so far as their conduct was agreeable to the law of God. But in these very cases, God, in his providence, has frowned upon the practice; showing that it is an offence against nature, bringing with it its own punishment. Jacob was tormented with the jealousy of his wives; and his hoary head was almost brought to the grave in sorrow by the quarrels among the children of his different wives. Amnon,

one of David's sons, abused one of his daughters which he had by another wife, and her brother killed him. And after he took his last wife his house appears never to have been free from contention. Absalom rebelled against him, and drove him from his palace; and while he was yet alive Adonijah sought to be king, contrary to the known wishes of his father. If David had been content with one wife, he would very probably have brought up his children in the ways of piety and peace, and saved himself the sore afflictions that embittered the last years of his life. And Solomon's strange wives drew away his heart from the Lord to the service of dumb idols, and brought the most dreadful calamities upon his kingdom.

Eliza.—Is polygamy forbidden in the New Testament, Mother?

Mother.—There is nothing said *directly* about the practice in the New Testament. But it is believed that the state of manners in Judea had undergone a reform, so that it did not exist in our Saviour's time; and as it was forbidden among the Greeks and Romans, there was no occasion for speaking of it. But there are several passages in the New Testament which evidently condemn polygamy. In the 19th chapter of Matthew, and 9th verse, our Lord says: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." Now if a man commits adultery by marrying another wife during the life of the one he has put away, he would certainly be guilty of the same crime by

marrying a second wife while living with the first. And wherever the marriage relation is referred to at all in the writings of the Apostle Paul, he evidently speaks of the union of one man with one woman. "Let every man have his *own wife*." 1 Cor. 7:2. "Let every one of you in particular so love *his wife*, even as himself." Eph. 5:33. "Let the deacons be the husbands of *one wife*." Tim. 3:12. And in many other places the Apostle speaks in the same way; but he no where gives directions concerning the behavior of those families where there is more than one wife, which I have no doubt he would have done if he had intended to sanction the practice; for nothing would have been more necessary. Besides, the universal sentiment and practice of the church shows that polygamy is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. It has always been held criminal in the church; and in all Christian nations it is forbidden by law.

Samuel.—I think, if God had intended that men should have more than one wife, he would have made more than one woman.

Mother.—Yes; and another evidence that the practice is unnatural is, that the number of males that are born is *greater* than that of females. Upon an average, there are nineteen males to eighteen females; which proves that the Lord does not intend that one man shall have more than one wife.

John.—Is polygamy permitted among the Indians, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; an Indian is at liberty to

marry as many wives as he pleases. However, among the Cootanais, on the Columbia River, polygamy is not known.

Caroline.—Well, Mother, what is *divorce*?

Mother.—Divorce is the separation of a man and his wife, and dissolving the marriage contract.

John.—Why, Mother, that was allowed among the Jews.

Mother.—Yes; but the Lord Jesus told them that Moses suffered them to put away their wives *because of the hardness of their hearts*; but that it was not so from the beginning. “He which made them at the beginning made them male and female; and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh.” “What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.” Mat. 19: 3—9. God designed the marriage relation to continue through life; and it is unnatural to break it.

Samuel.—Is divorce practised among the Indians, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; the husband is allowed to put away his wife when he pleases.

Eliza.—Is the woman allowed the same liberty, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; but she seldom dares leave her husband without his consent. When the Indians are married they make no promises. It is understood that they are to live together as long as they shall be pleased with each other. Sometimes they are not considered as married until they have lived together a few weeks upon

trial. So little do they regard the principle of chastity, which lies at the foundation of all that is excellent in society.

Eliza.—O, Mother, what evils must come from this practice. What a dreadful thing it is to have a family broken up, and a poor woman turned out upon the mercy of the world!

Mother.—It is indeed a barbarous custom. However, it does not *very frequently* happen among the Indians. It is for the interest of the woman to please her husband; and it is considered highly dishonorable for a man to forsake his wife upon a trifling cause, especially if they have children.

Caroline.—And what do they do with the children, Mother, when they separate?

Mother.—The children are allowed to choose which of the parents they will live with.

Eliza.—O, Mother, how I feel for the poor Indian females! How degraded they must be! If missionaries should be sent among them, to preach the Gospel, would it correct their habits?

Mother.—Wherever the Gospel has been preached to the heathen, and embraced by them, it has put a stop both to polygamy and divorce; and I have no doubt it would do so among the Indians. But there are other ways in which the Indian females are degraded.

Eliza.—Can you tell us, Mother, how they manage the affairs of the house, and how they divide their work?

Mother.—In the beginning, the husband generally provides a house, a canoe, axes, hoes, and some other rude farming tools, and a few dishes,

and other things necessary for keeping house. The woman perhaps furnishes a kettle or two, and some other articles of furniture for the wigwam. The business of the man is to supply the family with meat and clothing.

Caroline.—How does he get meat and clothing, Mother?

Mother.—Meat is obtained by hunting and fishing. And as they used to dress in skins, the same labor that would supply meat would also furnish clothing. But now they generally exchange their skins and furs for blankets, and other articles of clothing.

Eliza.—But who raises their corn, Mother?

Mother.—The women.

Eliza.—O how unnatural!

Mother.—Yes; it is unnatural. It is a kind of employment for which I do not think the Lord designed us. The slender form and tender constitution of woman show that she was not made for the laborious occupations of the field; though she would doubtless be much stronger, and more robust and healthy, if she would exert her strength more than she does. This is proved by the hardiness of those women who engage in laborious employments. But there is more excuse for putting the labor of the field upon the Indian women, than there would be for the same practice in civilized countries. They have very little to do in the wigwam. They have no scrubbing to do. Their washing is light, and their cooking simple. At the same time, the labors of the man are constant and severe. The lives of all in his wigwam depend from day to

day upon his success in hunting. And, in the worst of weather, he is obliged to pursue his game over rivers and swamps, and to endure the severest hardships. In addition to this, the labor of the field, in their simple way, is not very hard, and only occupies about six weeks of the year. And often this is done by a kind of party, or frolic. However, they have to provide wood for their fires, which must be no small hardship in the winter season. They are also employed in the spring, in company with the men, in making maple sugar.

Samuel.—But I have read that the women always carry the baggage, when they are moving from place to place.

Mother.—Yes; and this is an evidence of their degradation. It shows that the men rather consider them as their servants.

John.—How do they carry their things, Mother?

Mother.—They are done up in bundles, and hung by a strap, which passes round the forehead.

Eliza.—O, Mother, I think this is cruel drudgery for women. And do the men carry nothing?

Mother.—Nothing but their rifles or bows and arrows, and tomahawks. But there is some little excuse for this, when we consider that the men have to hunt for provisions as they go along; and it would be very difficult for them to engage in the chase with these burdens on their backs. When the hunting camp is set up, the man immediately engages in hunting. The

woman employs herself in drying the meat which he brings in; putting up the tallow; gathering roots, and collecting wild hemp, to be woven into carrying bands, bags, and strings. As another evidence of the degradation of Indian females, I will mention the treatment of the wives of Powhattan, a great chief who lived in Virginia at the time of its first settlement. At his meals, they performed the duties of servants, and afterwards sat down to the remnants; and when he became weary of them, *he gave them as presents to his favorite warriors*. So you see their condition was little better than that of slaves. It is no uncommon thing for the Indians to make their wives lie at their feet when they sleep without fire, and at their backs when they sleep before a fire.

Eliza.—O, how selfish, Mother! This is treating them like slaves, as though they were made for nothing but for the comfort of the men.

Mother.—Yes, my dear; and hence you see how exceedingly unamiable a selfish disposition is. Here it is displayed in its naked deformity. But it is only the exhibition of the natural temper of unsanctified human nature. If any unconverted person will examine closely all the feelings of his heart, he will find that selfishness is his ruling principle of action. And you will see this odious feeling acted out wherever unconverted men have the power of oppressing others, unless they are restrained either by the principles of the Gospel, or by some unseen influence which is exerted over them. For God, in many ways, restrains the wicked dispositions

of men. "The wrath of man shall praise him; and *the remainder he will restrain.*"—Among the Spokane Indians, on the Columbia River, the women are great slaves, and most submissive to the authority of their unfeeling husbands, who often beat them in a cruel manner.

Samuel.—I suppose, Mother, a traveller might say as much as that of many men in this country; for scarcely a neighborhood can be found, but some men get drunk, and beat their wives most unmercifully.

Mother.—I know it, my son; and it makes me blush for the honor of Christianity and civilization, and still more for human nature; yet I trust such is not characteristic of us as a people. In the United States, females are generally treated as well as in any other part of the world; and perhaps better. Among the northwestern tribes, there is a material difference in their treatment of the women. Where the men obtain the food of their families principally by their own exertions, as among the Cootanais, Flatheads, and Spokans, the women are condemned to great drudgery. When a hunter kills a deer, he cuts out the tongue or takes enough for a meal, and sends his wife for the rest.

Eliza.—O, what unfeeling creatures they must be! How can a woman bring such a load? and how can she find the deer, away in the woods?

Mother.—The Indian cuts notches in the trees, to guide her to the place; and long habits of drudgery gives them strength to bear burdens. Besides this, she collects firewood, carries wa-

ter, cooks, makes and washes his shirts, and prepares the meat and fish for curing. And none of the Indians give their wives any assistance in tending, feeding, and carrying their children. But among the tribes lower down, towards the mouth of the Columbia, where the women are employed in gathering roots for food, they appear to enjoy more liberty and independence; and in all matters of importance, the elderly women are consulted as well as the men, and their advice treated with equal respect. Among the Osages, the women build the houses, cut and carry the wood for the fires, dress the skins, and make moccasins for themselves, their husbands, and their children. There are, however, among the Indians generally, many marks of kind feeling and tenderness on the part of the husband towards his wife. When the wife is sick, the husband will often take a long journey to get some trifling thing which she wants. A Delaware Indian went forty or fifty miles to get a mess of cranberries for his sick wife. During a severe famine in 1762, a sick woman was very anxious for a mess of Indian corn. Her husband rode a hundred miles on horseback, gave his horse for a hat full of corn, and, with his saddle upon his back, returned on foot!

Eliza.—Indeed, I think few white men would do as much as that to gratify their wives.

CONVERSATION VII.

EDUCATION AND MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

Caroline.—Mother, do the Indians send their little children to school?

Mother.—No, my dear; they have no schools to go to, except where the missionaries have established them.

Caroline.—O, Mother, how do they learn to read? Do their parents teach them?

Mother.—No, my child; they do not learn to read at all. They have no written language—no books. Their minds are dark. They know nothing except what the dim light of nature teaches.

Samuel.—But have not the missionaries made language and books for some of them?

Mother.—Yes; a few tribes have been benefited in this way; but the great majority of them are still in the native darkness of heathenism.

Caroline.—O, Mother, I wish the little Indian children had schools and Sabbath schools to go to. Can't I do something to give them schools?

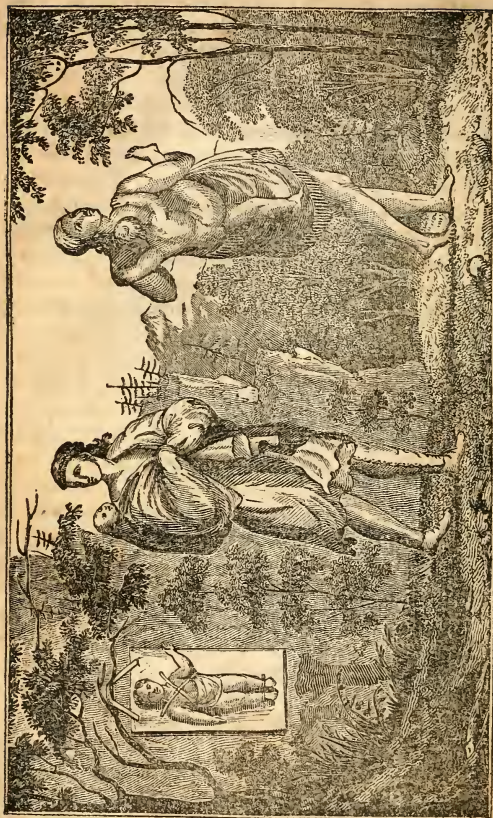
Mother.—Yes; your father gives you a little money—you may save that and give them, instead of buying cakes, dolls, and other playthings. And you can deny yourself some things that you like to have, and give the price of them to support schools among the Indians. You,

that know how to prize these blessings, ought to do all you can to send them to those little children who have none of them.

Caroline.—O yes, Mother, I will. I will give all my pennies; and I will put away all my fine things, and have no more, if you will give me the price of them to support schools among the poor little Indian children.

Mother.—Well, if all Sabbath school children would do the same, it would support a great many schools, and teach a great many little Indian boys and girls to read.

John.—Mother, can't you tell us something about the little Indian children?



Mother.—You see by this picture how the Indians manage their children before they are old enough to take care of themselves.

Caroline.—O, Mother! There is a little baby hanging upon a tree!

Mother.—Yes; that figure represents the Indian cradle. This is a kind of broad frame or board, to which the child is fastened with strings, for several months after it is born. Wool, fur, or some other soft thing is put between the child and the board. In this way it can either be laid flat on its back, set leaning on one end, or hung up to a tree, according to the convenience of the mother.

Eliza.—O, Mother! Is not that a cruel way to treat a little infant?

Mother.—It would seem so to us indeed. Yet, if they live through it, their form will be straight and handsome; and perhaps it may make them more hardy. But a most barbarous custom prevails among the tribes about the mouth of the Columbia River. As soon as the child is born, it is placed in a kind of trough, with moss under it, the end on which the head lies being higher than the other. Something soft is then placed over the forehead, with a piece of cedar bark over it. This is pressed against the head, by cords passed over it, and through small holes on each side of the trough or cradle. In this way it is kept for more than a year; when the head is perfectly flattened, so that the upper part of it is not more than an inch thick.

Eliza.—O, how cruel!

Mother.—It is cruel, indeed; and the appearance of the child, while in this condition, is frightful. Its eyes are forced out of their sockets, so that they look like the eyes of a mouse choaked in a trap. Yet, all this is not more cruel than the abominable practice of *tight lacing*, so common among ladies in this country; nor is it more unnatural. If these Indians were to see the slender waists of some young ladies that I have seen, I have no doubt they would be as much surprised as we are at their flattening the heads of their children. And I presume, to say the least, flattening the head is *not more* destructive to life and health, than compressing the body. The former only affects the brain; while the latter does violence to the heart and lungs, and all the vital organs, and thus affects the whole system. Persons who lace tight, will be subject to headache, fainting, difficulty of breathing, with many other painful symptoms, which often terminate in disease and death.

Caroline.—What do these Indians flatten the heads of their children for, Mother?

Mother.—For the same reason that American mothers lace up their daughters in tight stays, to give them slender waists. It is in both cases considered as an *essential point of beauty*; and both are equally mistaken. The Indians, however, excuse this custom by saying that all slaves have round heads. And so it is with them; for they have slaves, and they are never allowed to have flat heads. But I doubt whether ladies in this country have so good an excuse; for you will see female servants tormenting themselves

almost to death, in order to appear as *slender* as the daughters of fashion.

John.—And there are some little young Indians on the backs of their mothers.

Mother.—Yes; that is the way the Indian women carry their children. The right hand figure represents a woman carrying her child in the summer, when he is old enough to hang on himself. The other represents the manner of carrying in winter. Sometimes they swing the board upon their shoulders, with the child strapped on it, in the manner already described. In this way they carry the little ones on their long journeys.

John.—Do the Indians ever punish their children, Mother?

Mother.—They hardly ever whip their children.

Samuel.—Can they make them mind without whipping, Mother?

Mother.—It is said of many tribes, that a father needs only say, in hearing of his children, "I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go upon such an errand; let me see who is the *good* child that will do it." The children are all anxious to gratify the wishes of the parent, and the thing is done. It seems to be a matter of ambition among them to be called *good*. And this feeling is encouraged by all. If a father sees a lame or feeble old man or woman pass by, led by a child, he will say to his own children, "What a *good* child that must be, which pays attention to the aged! That child, indeed, looks forward to the time when he

himself will be old!" Or perhaps he will say, "May the Great Spirit, who looks upon him, grant this *good* child a long life!" If a child is sent to carry a dish of victuals to an old person, all in the house will join in calling him a *good* child. And so, when a child is seen passing through the streets leading an old person, the villagers will call to one another to look and see what a *good* child that must be. In the same way, generally, they are praised when they do well. When a child has done wrong, the parent will say, "O how grieved I am that my child has done this *bad* act! I hope he will never do so again."

Samuel.—Mother, do you think this plan sufficient to keep children under good government?

Mother.—It may answer among the wild savages, where there are not so many temptations to do evil. But I do not believe they can keep their children very much under their control by this method; although, by appealing to their pride, they may persuade them to do most things which they desire. But you will see that by this course the pride of their hearts is cherished and cultivated, instead of being checked and subdued, as it ought to be. There is evidence of this in the haughty independence of the Indian character. Our hearts are naturally depraved. And all children have unamiable, self-willed, obstinate tempers, which must be conquered by wholesome parental discipline. If they are not, they will carry them through life. This cannot be done without sometimes using the rod.

Samuel.—Well, Mother, there is Mrs. Slack

is always whipping her children, and they are the worst children in the neighborhood.

Mother.—That is very true, my son. But it may be easily accounted for. It is not those who use the rod most frequently, that keep their children under the best subjection. Parents who hold a slack rein, in the government of their children, let them slip from their authority, and then they are compelled to use the rod almost constantly; and yet they fail of bringing them under proper control. Mrs. Slack does not keep a steady hand. She does not care so much about being disobeyed, as she does about the consequences of her children's conduct. The other day she told her little James that he must not touch the cakes on the table; but as soon as her back was turned, he was laying hold of them again. As she was going out of the room she saw him, and cried out, "O you rogue, you! didn't I tell you not to touch the cakes?" She then *gave him one*, saying, "here, take this, and go along with you—don't come here again." Here was an act of wilful and deliberate disobedience, which ought to have been punished severely. But instead of punishing the boy, she *rewarded* him with a piece of cake. But James had always been allowed to drink from a tumbler. And after he had eaten his cake, being thirsty, he took a tumbler and went for some water, but he accidentally let the tumbler fall, and broke it in pieces. Here was no disposition in the child to do wrong. He was doing what he had always been allowed to do. But by an accident which his mother *might* have commit-

ted, he had done some mischief. He had broken the tumbler. But I could not see that he had done wrong. However, his mother flew into a violent passion, and whipped the little fellow most unmercifully. This was doing him very great injustice. He could not help seeing that he did not deserve it. Its effect, therefore, must have been to sour his temper, and produce hard feelings towards his mother. It must also have produced a wrong impression upon his mind, in relation to the moral character of actions. This does not depend so much upon the *consequences* of the action, as upon the *motives* with which it is performed. In the first case, he was guilty of breaking the fifth commandment. This was a great *crime* in the sight of God; and if he had been made sensible of it, and suitably punished, he would no doubt have felt the justice of his punishment, and been reconciled to his mother. But in the latter case, he was guilty of no crime, and deserved, certainly, nothing more than a gentle reprimand for his carelessness. This is the way that thousands of children are spoiled. Parents should keep a steady hand. *Certain punishment* should follow disobedience; for this, even in the smallest matters, is a great crime. If this course is pursued with firmness, punishment will not be frequent, because the turbulent disposition of the child will be soon subdued, and the authority of the parent will be respected. You will generally find that those parents who maintain the best government in their families, have the least occasion to punish their children.

Caroline.—Well, Mother, I like what you told us about how the Indian children treat the old people. I think their parents do well to encourage them in this kindness.

Mother.—I am glad you think so. Nothing is more unamiable than want of respect for old people. Whenever you meet them you should show them respect, and embrace every opportunity to help them and treat them kindly. I know of nothing that looks worse than to see a young person impudent towards old people.

John.—Mother, does the Bible say any thing about this?

Mother.—Yes; it says, “Thou shalt *rise up before the hoary head.*” This means that we should show some mark of respect to the aged wherever we meet them. And you see how God abhors the conduct of children who ill treat aged people, in the story of Elisha.

Caroline.—O yes, I remember it well. A company of wicked children cried after the prophet, in the street, “Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!” And the Lord sent two she bears, which killed forty-two of them.

Mother.—This is an awful warning to impudent and unmannerly children; and I hope none of you will ever be guilty of a want of respect to the aged.

Eliza.—Do the Indians teach their children any thing, Mother?

Mother.—The principal things they have to learn are the duties of the hunter and warrior; and these they learn chiefly from the example of the older people, and from what they hear

them say to one another. But sometimes the father goes into the woods with his boy the first time that he goes out to hunt, to teach him how to set his traps, or surprize and kill his game. Besides this, the old people teach their children many stories about their forefathers, of the history of their tribe, and of their religion, which are called *Indian traditions*. These are handed down, from parents to children, for many generations. At certain seasons they meet to study their public records, which consist of strings and belts of wampum, which have been delivered on the occasion of important public transactions, such as declaring war, making treaties, &c. On these occasions they sit around the chest which contains the wampum, and each person present examines all the pieces, one by one, as they are handed out, and repeats aloud its meaning. The boys are admitted to this exercise, so that they learn the history of their nation's affairs. Mr. Heckewelder, a missionary among the Delewares, relates that they had preserved, both in writing and in strings and belts of wampum, a history of all the transactions between them and the government of Pennsylvania, from the time that William Penn first arrived in this country. They were in the habit of meeting at least once every year, to refresh their memories on the subject, and to have some of their promising young men learn the history of these affairs by heart, so that they might not be lost by future generations. The chiefs and principal men of the Sauks, Foxes, Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, and other tribes of

the north-west, take much pains to teach the young what they consider their duty to themselves, and to each other. Every morning, as soon as daylight appears, one of the chiefs, or principal men, goes through the village, exhorting the people, and telling them how to behave themselves.

Samuel.—Mother, I should think that an excellent custom, calculated to have a very good effect upon society.

Mother.—I have no doubt, where custom has established the practice, it might have an excellent effect. Among these tribes the children are particularly under the charge of their mothers.

Eliza.—I suppose that mothers can do much more than fathers towards forming the characters of children.

Mother.—Yes, they can, because they are more of the time with them. On this account, it is exceedingly important that mothers should be well educated, and possess talent and energy of character sufficient to maintain their authority. Both parents should act together; and the father should not think of leaving the management of the children entirely to the mother; for she cannot do *his* duty. Yet the father alone cannot maintain family government, when the mother has not sufficient dignity and ability to command the respect of her children. The women of these tribes have a curious method of punishing their children, which I should think would answer an excellent purpose. They paint their faces black, and send them out of the

house; not allowing them to eat till it is washed off. Sometimes they are kept a whole day in this condition. When the boys are six or seven years old they are supplied with small bows and arrows, and sent out to hunt birds. When they have done this five or six years, they are furnished with short guns, and begin to hunt wild ducks, geese, &c. In winter evenings the father will tell them how to approach the deer, elk, or buffalo, and to set traps. He also takes the boys with him on his hunting tours, as often as he can, to teach them how to hunt. The mother teaches the girls to make moccasins, leggins, mats, &c. She is very careful to have them continually employed, so that they may have the name of being industrious, which is a great recommendation to the young men.

Samuel.—Well, I think that is right. The Bible teaches us to be diligent in business; and Solomon says a great many things against idleness and sloth.

Mother.—Yes, my son; and it is very important that children should learn the value of time. We have but a little while to live; and we shall have to give account to God for every moment of our time. How can we excuse ourselves to him for trifling it away; especially as it is the time he has given us to prepare for heaven?

John.—Mother, I think the Indians have very queer names.

Mother.—Yes; but they always mean something. This is like the Jews. Their names always had a meaning.

Eliza.—Mother, do they name them according to their characters?

Mother.—Not at first. They give them the name of some animal, fish, bird, &c. But after they grow up, so as to form characters of their own, they often give them new names. A great warrior, who had been waiting very impatiently for daylight, to go against the enemy, was named *Cause-day-light*. A hunter, who had come in with a heavy load of turkeys on his back, was called *The Carrier of Turkeys*. Another, who generally wore torn or patched shoes, was called *Bad-shoes*. These names, however, are expressed by a single Indian word. Thus, the place where Philadelphia stands was called *Koo-ek-wen-aw-koo*, which means *The grove of the long pine trees*. The names which they give to places, villages, mountains, rivers, &c., all refer to something for which such places are remarkable. They also give names to white men according to their characters. When they were told the meaning of the name of William Penn, they translated it into their own language by *Miquon*, which means a *feather*, or *quill*. The Iroquois called him *Onas*, which means the same thing. The first name given to the Europeans who landed in Virginia was *Wapsid Lenape*, which means *white people*. Afterwards, when they began to fight them with *swords*, they called them *Mechanschicaw*, which is *long knives*. In New England they tried to imitate the sound of *English*, pronouncing it *Yengees*; and from this came the common word *Yankee*.

Samuel.—Do the Indians live all in common, Mother?

Mother.—Not exactly. Each family generally have their own house and cooking furniture, and furnish their own provisions, though they hold their lands in common; and I believe they are not, in general, very particular about the rights of private property. But what is very remarkable, there is nothing in an Indian's house but what has its particular owner. Every individual, children as well as parents, has something which he calls his own. Parents make presents to their children, and children to their parents. A man will sometimes ask his wife, or one of his children, to lend him a horse, or something else, which he wants.

Samuel.—Why, that is very strange indeed, when the children themselves belong to the father, and are under his control. Do you think it is right for children to be indulged in having a great many things to call their own, Mother?

Mother.—There are some advantages from their having things of their own; but they should be indulged with great caution. If they are suffered to have a great many things, and to use them just as they please, it will be very likely to make them selfish, and to cultivate a covetous spirit. Yet, if they have nothing that they can call their own, they will have no opportunity of cultivating a generous and benevolent disposition, for they will have nothing to give. It may also be useful for them to have some things over which they have control, in order to teach

them how to take care of property. But then parents should take great pains to instruct them in relation to the rights of private property; the duty of liberality; the sin of covetousness; and the relation they hold to their parents, and to God. They should be made to see that they owe every thing they have both to their parents and to God; and that they have no right to dispose of any thing they have, or use it in any way, without the advice and consent of their parents. And they should grow up with the feeling that all they have is the Lord's; and that they are bound to use it for his glory. They should also be taught to be generous towards their brothers and sisters, and towards others; but particularly they should be kind and attentive to the wants of those who are in distress.

CONVERSATION VIII.

SWIFTNESS — ACUTENESS OF OBSERVATION —
KEENNESS OF SENSE.

Samuel.—Mother, I have heard it said that the Indians are very swift. Can you tell us any thing about it?

Mother.—Yes; they are much more remark-

able for their swiftness than for their strength. Their frames are generally light, and their limbs springy and active.

Eliza.—What makes them so, Mother?

Mother.—They are accustomed from childhood to much exercise in the open air. And if you would be sprightly, active, and healthy, you must do the same. Those who are too indolent to take exercise regularly every day, must expect to be weak, sickly, and miserable. The Lord never intended us for a life of inactivity; and if we undertake to live so contrary to nature, we shall bring upon ourselves certain punishment. A great many young persons, who love to read and study, make this an excuse for neglecting exercise. But they will deeply lament their folly. The Indians, who are accustomed from early life to the fatigues of hunting, and to the exercise of running races, will run between eighty and a hundred miles in a day, and back again the next.

Caroline.—Mother, can't you tell us some stories about their running?

Mother.—Yes; I might tell you many, if I had time. Before the Revolutionary war, there was a famous warrior in one of the southern tribes, called *Old Scranny*. He was taken prisoner by a neighboring tribe, and condemned to be tortured with fire. He was tied to a pile of dry sticks, which were set on fire.

Caroline.—O, Mother, how cruel!

Mother.—Cruel, indeed, my dear. But I will tell you more about the cruelty of this practice hereafter.

Eliza.—How did he bear it, Mother.

Mother.—He bore it for a long time without moving, or making any complaint. He dared his cruel enemies to do their worst. At last, he told them they made such miserable business of tormenting him, that, if they would untie him, and give him a hot gunbarrel which lay in the fire, he would show them how to manage it better.

John.—Did they do it, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; they felt a curiosity to see what he would do; and so they let him loose. As soon as he was at liberty, he seized the red-hot gun-barrel, and flourishing it furiously from one side to the other, forced his way through the crowd, leaped down a steep bank, into the river, dived through the water, ran over a small island, and passed the other part of the river.

John.—Why, Mother, I should think they would have killed him while he was in the water.

Mother.—They ran after him with all their might, and a shower of bullets fell all round him. But he got into a bramble swamp and hid himself. After the danger was over, he set out again, and reached his own country, badly scorched and bruised. But he lived many years afterwards, a terror to his enemies.

About a hundred years ago, a young Indian of the Catawba tribe was taken prisoner by a party of the Senecas, and sentenced to be tortured by fire. The place of torture was chosen upon the bank of a river. When the time came, a multitude of the Senecas led him out to burn

him. But as they were in high spirits, making merry with one another, they let him walk without being bound. All at once, he started, knocked down those who were near him, and sprung into the river. He swam rapidly under water, only rising to take breath, till he had crossed the stream. He then climbed swiftly up the steep and rocky bank.

John.—Why didn't the Senecas shoot him, Mother?

Mother.—Several of them were already following him, and their bullets were buzzing about his head, and striking the rocks under his feet. But he turned round and mocked at them, raised a shrill war-whoop, and then ran into the woods with all his might. By about midnight of the same day he had run as far as his pursuers did in two days. Here he hid himself under some logs and bushes, until five of the enemy came up, kindled a fire not far from him, ate a little, and laid down to sleep. He then crawled cautiously towards the fire, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot. He took their scalps, put on some of their clothes, took his choice of their guns, and as much powder, bullets, and provision, as he could carry. Feeling secure from his pursuers, he went through the woods till he found the graves of seven men of the party of the Senecas, whom he had killed before they took him prisoner. These he dug up and scalped, and burned their bodies to ashes; and then went home to his nation. A party of the Senecas soon afterwards discovered the bodies of his five pursuers, whom

he had killed. They returned home, and a war council was held, which determined that a naked and wounded man who could do as this young Catawba had done, must be a *wizard*; and it was of no use to try to catch him. Another Indian, while pursued by his enemies, ran three hundred miles in two nights and one day and a half; and while General Atkinson was fighting against the Indians of the Upper Mississippi, a friendly Indian ran more than a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, to carry some important intelligence to the American camp.

Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, I don't see how they could run so fast.

Mother.—We never know what we are capable of doing till we make the trial. I have no doubt that all our faculties, both of body and mind, are capable of a much higher state of cultivation than we suppose. This we sometimes see in the case of persons that have lost the use of their eyes. They are obliged to depend upon feeling and smelling, to supply the want of sight. The necessity of exercising these senses so much, makes them amazingly keen. Blind persons have been known even to distinguish colors by the sense of feeling. So when a person loses the use of one hand, he is obliged to use the other hand so much that it grows much stronger than it was before. And so it is with the Indians. They are obliged to travel through the woods, from one place to another, in search of game, without any road to guide them. And in many other respects, they are destitute of the advantages of civilized life. This leads them to

the closest observation, which quickens their senses amazingly. These are almost as keen as the smell of the dog, in following the scent of his master's track, or of his game. They can tell if any person has passed through any place. On the shortest grass, on the hardest ground, or even upon stones, they will discover the traces of footsteps. And by the shape of their feet, the way they are turned, or the manner in which they are separated from each other, they will distinguish the tracks of men and women, and even of different nations. A hunter belonging to one of the western tribes, one day returned home to his wigwam, and found that some venison, which had been hung up to dry, was stolen. He carefully observed the appearances about his hut, and set off after the thief. When he had gone a little way, he met some white persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little old white man*, with a *short gun*, accompanied by a *small dog*, with a *short tail*. They told him they had, and he said such a man had stolen his venison.

Caroline.—Why, Mother, how could he describe the man so nicely? I don't see how he could tell how the man looked, if he hadn't seen him.

Mother.—It seems impossible. But when you hear from the Indian *how* he was able to do so, it is not so wonderful. It shows the benefit of close observation. The people of whom he inquired asked the same question; and he told them that he knew the thief was a *little* man, by his having a pile of stones to stand up-

on in order to reach the venison, from the place where he hung it, standing on the ground. He knew he was an *old* man, by his short steps, which he traced in the dead leaves, in the woods. That he was a *white* man, he could tell by his turning *out* his toes as he walked, which an Indian never does. He knew that the gun was *short*, by the mark the muzzle made when it was leaned against a tree. He could tell that the dog was *small* by his tracks; and that he had a *short tail* by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master took the meat.

Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, it does not appear so wonderful, after all; though it seems at first almost like witchcraft.

Mother.—It was all owing to the *close* and *acute* observation of the Indian. He saw things which most people would not have noticed at all. And here you see the importance of cultivating a habit of observing every thing about you, both critically and accurately. This habit is of great use in all the concerns of life; and it is intimately connected with your usefulness. Young people are sometimes so foolish as to think it a mark of a small mind to take notice of *little things*. But this is a great error; and only shows the silly pride of their hearts. How presumptuous for man, who is but the creature of a day, to think any thing which God has made beneath his notice. The wisdom and power of the Almighty are employed in bringing into existence and sustaining the smallest insect that floats in the water or flutters in the

breeze. The minutest part of the smallest flower that smiles in the gay morning, as well as the vast worlds that roll through the heavens, is the production of his skill, and manifests forth his glory. Besides, the greatest objects are made up of a collection of little ones. The ocean is but a collection of the minutest particles; and this wide world is made up of grains of sand. How contemptible then the feelings of a green youth, who thinks any thing in this world unworthy of his attention. Some persons seem to go through the world with their eyes shut. One will find a rich intellectual feast, where another would see nothing worth minding. The whole universe is **FULL OF GOD**; and we may find subjects of delightful meditation, wherever our eyes can behold the least of his works.

CONVERSATION IX.

METHOD OF RECKONING TIME—KNOWLEDGE OF
GEOGRAPHY—PICTURE WRITING.

Eliza.—How do the Indians reckon time without Almanacs? and how can they tell the hour of the day without clocks or watches?

Mother.—They calculate time with great pre-

cision, by the infallible dials in the heavens; but they have no idea of hours.

John.—Why, then, how can they divide the day, if they have no hours?

Mother.—They divide it into three parts. The first is, *sun rising*; the second *mid-day*; and the third, *sun-set*. They also divide the night into *midnight* and *cock-crowing*.

Caroline.—Do they divide the year into months, as we do, Mother?

Mother.—Not exactly as we do, my dear; but more like the children of Israel. Samuel, do you remember what Mr. Nevin says about the Jewish months?

Samuel.—He says they were measured from one new moon to another; and that persons were set to watch on the tops of the mountains for the first appearance of the new moon.

Mother.—Well, the Indians reckon their months in the same way; and also pay great regard to the first appearance of the new moon.

John.—What names do they give to the months, Mother?

Mother.—The months are frequently named by the different tribes from some circumstance peculiar to each. Thus the Delawares, while in Pennsylvania, called March the *shad* month, because at that time the fish came up the rivers from the sea. But when they removed to Ohio, they called it the *sugar-making* month, because it was the time of making maple sugar. April was the *spring* month; May, the *planting*, &c. But it is remarkable that they begin their ecclesiastical or religious year at the same season

that the Israelites did; and that the Indian name for the feast which they make at that time signifies a *green ear of corn*. By referring to the Biblical Antiquities, you will see that *Abib*, which was the name of the first month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year, means also *young ears of corn*. And what is still more singular, *korah*, which is the Hebrew word for winter, has the same signification in the Cherokee language.

Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, that is quite strange.

Mother.—But in many other respects, which I shall mention hereafter, the resemblance between the manners and customs of the Israelites and the American Indians is still more striking.

John.—Do they date time like us, before and after the birth of Christ?

Mother.—O no, my son, they know nothing at all of this method. How could they date from the birth of Christ, when they know nothing about the Saviour? When they speak of a year, they call it a "*snow*," or "*winter*." For instance, if they wish to refer to any thing which has taken place, they say it is so many "*snows*," or "*winters*," past. More commonly, however, they calculate ages by some remarkable event which has taken place within their remembrance, such as a severe winter, a deep snow, a great freshet, or a general war.

Caroline.—I should think the Indians would get lost, roving about in the woods as they do.

Mother.—Although their knowledge of geography is limited, yet it is very accurate. They

have a much better knowledge of the geography of their own country than most white people. When they come to a stream, they can generally tell into what large one it enters. When they are travelling, they take great pains to fix in their minds a full and correct idea of the face of the country. They are also guided in the daytime by the sun, and in the night by the north star, which they call the "*star that never moves.*"

Eliza.—But what do they do in cloudy weather, when they can see neither the sun nor stars?

Mother.—You remember, my dear, I told you the Indians were very *observing*. When they have neither sun nor stars to direct their course, they will tell which way is north or south by the difference in the moss, or in the thickness of the bark on the north or south sides of the trees; and they will profit by many other little circumstances, which a white man would hardly notice when pointed out to him.

John.—Do they know any thing about figures, Mother?

Mother.—No further than they learn of the whites, except simply counting. A traveller among the Sioux of the Mississippi observes, that some of the chiefs one day were looking at a book of astronomy which he held in his hand, and began to count the leaves. He told them they need not give themselves that trouble, for he could tell them the number instantly. They opened at a particular place, and concealed the edges of the leaves, showing him the page.

When he told them the number of leaves, they counted them over, and found he was exact. They were as much astonished as if he had raised the dead, and concluded that the book was a spirit, and whispered answers to whatever he asked it.

John.—That was very simple and foolish in them, Mother.

Mother.—Always bear in mind, my dear boy, that but for God's goodness alone you too might have been in the same darkness; and as you are learning the value of education, I hope you will thankfully improve your opportunities.

Samuel.—I have read in the Geography that the Indians, and other savage and barbarous nations, use hieroglyphics, or picture writing, but I do not understand how it is done.

Mother.—I will illustrate it by an anecdote related by Tanner. He was travelling through the woods, for the purpose of meeting the white traders, and exchanging his furs for goods. One morning he noticed, on the border of a stream, a little stick standing in the bank, and a piece of birch bark fixed to the top of it. On this he found the mark of a rattlesnake, with a knife, the handle touching the snake, and the point sticking into a bear with a drooping head. Near the snake was the mark of a beaver, with one of its dugs touching the snake. This had been left for Tanner's information by his foster-brother, Wa-me-gon-a-biew; and he gathered from it that the latter, whose mark, or *totem*, as they called it, was a *rattlesnake*, and whose badge was a *beaver*, had killed a man whose

badge was the *bear*. That he was dead, and not merely wounded, was indicated by the position of the head. The event proved his supposition entirely correct.

Samuel.—I think this is a proof that they are not wanting in ingenuity.

Mother.—Yes; and by means like these, they can give every necessary information to those who follow them. They will let them know that they were a war party of so many men, from such a place, of such a nation, and of such a tribe; how many of each tribe were in the party; to which tribe the chief or captain belonged; in what direction they went to meet the enemy; how many days they were out, and how many returning; how many prisoners they had taken; whether they had lost any of their party, and how many, &c. All this will be perfectly understood, as well as we understand a piece of writing. When the Indians are travelling, they often send some of their young men forward to hunt, so as to provide provisions by the way. When they have killed a deer, or any other animal, they bring it to the path, and make a kind of sun dial, to show what time of day they left it.

Eliza.—Indeed, I think they must have a good deal of head work to do that, Mother.

Mother.—Another short story on this subject and I have done. In the western country, a white man saw an Indian riding a horse which he knew, and claimed as his own property. The Indian calmly answered, "Friend! after a little while I will call on you at your house, when we

will talk of this matter." A few hours afterwards, the Indian came to the white man's house, who insisted on having his horse restored. The other told him: "Friend! the horse which you claim belonged to my uncle, who lately died. According to the Indian custom, I have become heir to all his property." The white man not being satisfied, and renewing his demand, the Indian took a coal from the fireplace, and made two striking figures on the door of the house, the one representing the white man taking the horse, and the other, himself in the act of scalping him; he then coolly asked the trembling claimant whether he could read the Indian writing? The matter was thus settled at once, and the Indian rode off.

CONVERSATION X.

INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY—INGENUITY—SAGACITY—CUNNING—SKILL—ELOQUENCE—MASTERLY GENIUS OF INDIVIDUALS—INVENTION OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

Samuel.—Mother, do you think the talents of the Indians are equal to the whites?

Mother.—Yes, my son. From every thing that I can learn of them, I think they are not in-

ferior, in their natural abilities, to any other people.

John.—Are they ingenious, Mother?

Mother.—Yes; from the descriptions which I have read of articles manufactured by them, with scarce any tools at all, I think they give evidence of uncommon ingenuity. Before the whites came among them, they had no iron. The heads of their spears and arrows were made of the very hardest kinds of stone which they could find; yet they were shaped into exact and regular forms. Their tomahawk, or hatchet, gouge, pestle, and knife, were also made of stone, smooth, and of handsome shapes, by rubbing against other stones. Their knives were very much in the shape of one of the outside pieces of a barrel head.

Caroline.—Why, Mother, what a queer knife that would be!

Mother.—It would not be so very inconvenient as you think, my dear, as the straight edge was used for the handle, and the curved side for the blade.

John.—What kind of axes did they have, Mother?

Mother.—Their axes were made of stone, in the shape of a wedge, with a withe round the top for a handle.



Caroline.—O, Eliza, see those men! They are almost naked! Mother, what are they doing?

Mother.—They are making a canoe, my dear.

John.—Why, that looks like a great trough, Mother.

Mother.—Well, the canoes of the Indians who lived on the sea shore were nothing but great troughs. But it must have required no little ingenuity and skill to have made them with such tools as they had.

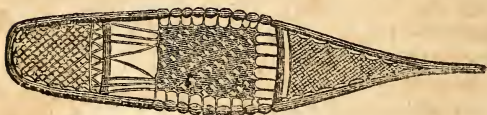
Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, I cannot see how it was possible.

Mother.—They brought the tree down to the ground by building a fire round the root. It was then burnt off the length they desired. The bark was peeled off, and the log raised upon stones or stakes a convenient height for working. They hollowed it out by building fires upon the top, and then scraping it with their gouges, as you see them at work in the picture. The ends were then properly shaped, and the work was completed. But the tribes on the northern lakes make their canoes of bark, without a nail, or a bit of iron of any kind.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, how do they fasten them together?

Mother.—They sew the edges together very closely, with a kind of thread made of roots; and the seam is plastered over with the gum or pitch which they get from the pine tree. Next to the bark they put flat pieces of cedar, not thicker than the blade of a knife, which run lengthwise of the boat. These are pressed against the bottom and sides of the canoe,

pointed at the upper end, and run into a rim of cedar. They are sometimes made thirty feet long, so as to accommodate quite a party; but generally they are only intended for two or three, and are so light as to be easily carried a long distance on a man's head. This makes them very convenient for travelling in a wild country, where there are no bridges. The two ends of these boats are generally made alike, so that there is no need of turning them round. Sometimes they use a sail; in which case they will sail sixty miles in a day. But here is another specimen of their ingenuity.



Caroline.—O, Mother, what a pretty thing that is! What is it?

Mother.—It is a snow shoe. It is a most ingenious contrivance of mechanical skill. It is about three feet long, and, at its broadest part, about a foot wide.

John.—Why, Mother, what a great shoe! Do the Indians have such large feet, as to need such shoes?

Mother.—No, my son. These shoes are made for walking through the deep snow; and the size and flatness prevents them from sinking. They are of great use to the Indians at the north, where the snow falls very deep, and

where they have no roads. Indeed, it would be very difficult for them to do without them.

Caroline.—What are they made of, Mother?

Mother.—The frame is made of wood. Five or six inches from the end, little sticks are placed across, to strengthen it. A net work of deer skin, cut into strips, and twisted, is fastened to the frame, and the foot is fastened to this by strings. The snow shoe used for travelling over a hilly country is turned up at the end, and pointed.

Eliza.—I should think they would be awkward things to walk in, Mother.

Mother.—Yes; and it requires almost as much skill and practice as to row a boat. But an Indian will travel with them forty miles a day.

Caroline.—Mother, can't you tell us some stories about the ingenuity of the Indians?

Mother.—Yes, I will tell you one. A traveller, in company with a party of Indians, found a young woman living alone in the woods, near the Copper-Mine River. She had been taken in war, and had run away from her master; but she was overtaken by the winter, and was unable to reach her own country; so she built herself a little hut, and took up her winter quarters in the wilderness. She had lived in this way for nearly eight months.

John.—What did she live on, Mother? I should think the poor girl would have starved to death.

Mother.—She snared partridges, rabbits, and squirrels, and killed two or three porcupines. The only tools she had were five or six inches

of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the iron shank of an arrow head, made into an awl. With these she made snow shoes, and other useful articles. She brought with her a few of the sinews of deers' legs, with which she made snares, and sewed her clothing. After these were gone, she made use of the sinews of the rabbits which she caught. Besides supporting herself in this way, she found time to amuse herself by making many little ornaments. Her clothing was made of rabbits' skins sewed together; and this was done with so much taste as to make quite a pleasing appearance.

Caroline.—Didn't they take her home, Mother?

Mother.—The Indians who found her were so much charmed with her appearance, that they quarreled among themselves as to which of them should have her for a wife. However, this difficulty was at length settled, and they took her along with them.

Samuel.—Mother, I think, from what I have read of the Indians, that they are a very *cunning* people.

Mother.—Yes, they show their cunning both in hunting, fishing, and fighting, as well as in many other ways. The northern Indians have a curious mode of catching the reindeer, which shows both their artifice and their skill. These deer go in large flocks. The Indians generally choose a place where one of their paths crosses a lake, wide river, or barren plain. They build a fence of brush and young trees for a considerable distance round, having the deer-path in the

centre, and leaving an opening about as wide as a common field gate. Inside of the fence they build a great number of little pens, with one side open, and a snare set in the open place. From the door or gate, where the deer-path enters the enclosure, they set up two rows of small brushwood, extending out some distance in the open plain, or along the bank of the lake or river, one each side of the path, and separating further from each other as they advance from the gate. Then the Indians hide themselves; and as soon as they see the deer coming they creep round behind them, and men, women, and children follow the flock, in the form of a half moon. The deer find themselves pursued, and mistaking the two rows of brushwood for two ranks of people, they run straight forward in the path till they get into the pen. The Indians then close up the gateway with brush, prepared for the purpose; and the women and children walk round the outside of the fence, to prevent the deer from jumping over while the men are employed in killing the poor animals.

Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, I think it would require no little thought, and strength of mind, to contrive such a plan.

Mother.—Yes; and the western Indians show no less sagacity in hunting the buffalo, or bison. These animals travel in large herds, consisting sometimes of many thousands, led on by a male of extraordinary size and courage, which goes a little forward of the rest. They form an immense solid column, bearing down every thing that comes in their way. While they are pur-

sued by the hunters, it would be impossible for the foremost of them to turn backward, or aside from a straight course. The Indians seeing this, sometimes contrive to drive the whole herd over the top of the steep precipices, which often extend for several miles along the rivers, so as to kill them all.

John.—Why, Mother, I should think it would be very difficult to manage such a company of wild animals. How do they make them go where they wish?

Mother.—They could not if they were not cunning enough to deceive the poor creatures. They clothe one of their most active young men in a buffalo skin, with the ears and horns fixed on his own head, so as to make him look like a buffalo. He then stations himself between the herd of buffaloes and the precipice. The Indians surround the herd as closely as they can, and at a signal agreed upon they show themselves, and rush forward, with loud yells. The animals are alarmed, mistake the Indian dressed in the skin for their leader, and run towards him. He dashes on to the precipice, and secures himself in some hole in the rock, which he had previously searched out. The leaders find no possibility of escape. The herd, terrified by the hunters, rush forward, press the leaders over the brink, and follow on themselves to the same destruction.

Eliza.—O, Mother, who would have thought of such a contrivance as this?

Mother.—Yet the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains manifest quite as much art in catch-

ing fish. They have various contrivances for this purpose, which discover no small share of cunning and skill. One I will mention. In the winter they cut holes in the ice, about two yards round, and build a little house over it, covered with skins, so as to shut out the light from above. The effect of this is, that things may be seen very deep in the water. The Indian lies down flat upon the ice, with his head inside of the little house, and holds his spear in one hand, while with the other he lets down, by a long string, the wooden image of a fish, made heavy with lead. When the image has sunk forty or fifty feet, where the fish are, by drawing the string, it is made to move about, like a living fish. The trout are deceived, and spring forward to catch it; but, by a dexterous jerk, this is prevented. The image is now drawn up within the reach of the spear; and the trout follow the supposed fish, until caught by the spear, and drawn out. The cunning and sagacity of the Indians is still more apparent in the stratagems they use in warfare. One or two instances of this I will relate. Before the American Revolution, and after the British had taken Canada from the French, a celebrated Indian chief, named *Pontiac*, formed the design of surprising and taking all the British forts along the western frontier. This was to be effected by cunning and stratagem. At Maumee, a squaw was employed to decoy the commander away from the fort. The whole affair was managed with so much secrecy, that none of the English suspected their intentions.

The squaw went to the English commander, and entreated him, most piteously, to go with her to relieve a wounded and crying man. He went with her; and on the way the Indians way-laid and shot him.

Eliza.—O, what cruel treachery!

Mother.—At Fort Mackinaw, the time chosen for the attack was the *king's birth-day*, which was a holiday. They had contrived their plan so as to be engaged at playing ball outside of the fort, and to draw out the soldiers and people to see them. They were then to knock the ball, as if by accident, into the fort, so as to furnish a pretext for going in. This they accomplished so completely, as to rush in and kill the people in the fort so suddenly and unexpectedly as to meet with no resistance. I might mention many other cases; but what I have related is enough to show that they have minds capable of understanding the arts and sciences, and of being employed in contemplating divine things. But this will be still more apparent when we examine the direct intellectual efforts of Indian orators.

Eliza.—Why, Mother, I thought the Indians had no learning. How could they be orators?

Mother.—They are not indebted to learning for their oratory. It is the simple exertion of native intellect, untrained by the forms of art.

John.—O, Mother, I should like very much to hear them speak. Can you tell us any thing about their speeches?

Mother.—Most of the Indian speeches which have been preserved were made at councils held

for the purpose of making treaties, both among themselves, and between them and the whites. As these relate to the difficulties that prevailed among the different tribes, and between them and the whites, I have found it difficult to select any of them which you would understand, without giving a long and tedious account of their wars, with which you would not be interested. Many of these speeches show decided marks of great intellectual powers, strength of mind, sagacity, keenness of penetration, statesman-like skill, and boldness, independence, and firmness of character. I will, however, read to you a few speeches, which were given under such circumstances as I can explain to you. While Canada was in the possession of the French, many of the northern tribes became attached to their interest, and put themselves under their protection. But when Canada was taken by the English, they were greatly dissatisfied with the change of masters. An English trader, of the name of Henry, was travelling among these Indians in the spring of 1761. At Mackinaw he was visited by one of the Chippewa chiefs, with sixty warriors, dressed for war. As they came in, they all seated themselves on the floor, and began to smoke their pipes, without saying a word. The chief looked earnestly at Henry, and made many inquiries about him of his head boatman. He then said that the English must be very brave men to come so fearlessly among their *enemies*. Then, after remaining silent some time, the old chief made a speech to Mr. Henry, which I will read to you:—

“Englishman!—It is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention!

“Englishman!—You know that the French king is our father. He promised to be such; and we, in return, promised to be his children. This promise we have kept.

“Englishman!—It is you that have made war with this our father. You are his enemy; and how then could you have the boldness to venture among us, his children? You know that his enemies are ours.

“Englishman!—We are informed that our father, the king of France, is old and infirm; and that being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep. During his sleep, you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring, and inquiring for his children the Indians;—and, when he does awake, what must become of you? He will destroy you utterly!

“Englishman!—Although you have conquered the French, you have not yet conquered us! We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods, and mountains, were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread, and pork, and beef! But you ought to know, that He,—the Great Spirit and Master of Life,—has provided food for us in these broad lakes, and upon these mountains.

“Englishman!—Our father, the king of France, employed our young men to make war upon

your nation. In this warfare, many of them have been killed; and it is our custom to retaliate, until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. Now the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in either of two ways. The first is, by the spilling of the blood of the nation by which they fell; the other, by *covering the bodies of the dead*, and thus allaying the resentment of their relations. This is done by making presents.

“Englishman!—Your king has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us. Wherefore he and we are still at war; and, until he does these things, we must consider that we have no other father, nor friend, among the white men, than the king of France. But, for you, we have taken into consideration, that you have ventured your life among us, in the expectation that we should not molest you. You do not come armed, with an intention to make war. You come in peace, to trade with us, and supply us with necessaries, of which we are much in want. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother; and you may sleep tranquilly, without fear of the Chippewas. As a token of our friendship, we present you with this pipe, to smoke.”

Eliza.—Mother, what did the chief mean when he spoke of satisfying the spirits of the slain by the blood of their enemies? Do they suppose that it will be any satisfaction to men after they are dead to be revenged upon those who have injured them?

Mother.—My dear, you see the moral dark-

ness of heathenism in this speech. The mild and peaceful spirit of the Christian religion gives no place to the passion of *revenge*. It requires us to love our enemies, and to return good for evil. But *revenge* is part of the religion of the Indians. However, of this I shall speak hereafter. But the most touching specimen of Indian eloquence I have ever seen is the celebrated speech of Logan. He had always been friendly to the whites; but his kindness was rewarded with one of the basest acts that can be imagined. A robbery and murder had been committed in some of the settlements on the Ohio. This was charged upon the Indians; but without any proof. A party of desperate fellows, headed by Colonel Cresap, went in pursuit of revenge. As they proceeded down the Kenhawa they saw a canoe filled with women and children, with only one man in it.

Eliza.—O, Mother, is it possible any white man could be base enough to disturb a family of women and children, who were unarmed?

Mother.—Yes; there is nothing in the history of Indian treachery that discovers so much meanness as the conduct of many whites towards the Indians. The name of Col. Cresap ought to be buried in infamy, on account of the many murders which he committed upon the poor defenceless Indians. On this occasion he and his party hid themselves in the bushes, and as soon as the canoe reached the shore they fired, and killed every person in it.

Samuel.—O what wanton cruelty and injustice, to kill the innocent for the crimes of others?

Mother.—But what made this act still more base and ungrateful was, that the persons killed were the family of Logan, the friend of the white man.

Caroline.—O, Mother, how could they kill his wife and innocent little children, when he had always been their friend, and tried to do them good?

Mother.—But the hard-hearted wretches who inhabited these frontiers were not satisfied with this act of unprovoked and wanton cruelty. Not long after this, another party of Indians, not far from Wheeling, Va., were decoyed by the whites, and all murdered but a little girl. Among this party, also, were a brother and sister of Logan.

John.—O, Mother, didn't he seek revenge then?

Mother.—Yes; a war between the whites and Indians followed this; and Logan took no little part in it; but the Indians were defeated; and it was at the council for making peace after this war that Logan made this speech:—

“I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of white men.’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold

blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one.”

Samuel.—I have read a great many speeches, Mother, but I never read one that contained more true native eloquence.

Mother.—No; here is the touching pathos of feeling; the boldness of a noble-minded and injured man; and the native independence of the untutored savage, all combined in a brief, simple, artless speech.

Samuel.—O what a pity that such great minds were not brought under the sweet influence of Christianity, and trained to the noble work of winning souls to Christ!

Mother.—One of the most eloquent speeches I have ever read, is given in the journal of Mr. Cox, who was clerk to a trading company on the Columbia River, from 1811 to 1817.

Caroline.—Where is the Columbia River, Mother?

Samuel.—If you will come here, my dear sister, I will show it to you on the map. It is between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific ocean.

Mother.—In order that you may understand

the speech, I must tell you a story about the circumstances which called it forth.

John.—Well, Mother, I like the stories. Do tell us all about it.

Mother.—As the party of traders were sailing up the river in canoes, a number of canoes filled with Indians came alongside, apparently in a friendly manner, and asked for a little tobacco, which was given them. After a little while they attempted to take some goods by force; but the boatmen struck their hands with the paddles, and drove them off. They however soon returned, showing a determined disposition to rob the traders' canoes. The latter were anxious to avoid coming to extremities, and so endeavored to keep them off with their paddles; but, as the Indians were resolute, some hard blows were given on both sides. The head man of the trading party gave orders not to fire while there was a possibility of preserving the property. A tall stout Indian had seized a bale of tobacco, and got it nearly out of the boat, when one of the party, named McDonald, gave him a severe blow with the butt end of his gun, which made him drop it. The fellow instantly put an arrow in his bow, and presented it to McDonald, who seized the arrow, broke it, and threw it in the Indian's face. This enraged the savage, who ordered his canoe to be pushed off, and was just in the act of shooting an arrow at McDonald, when one of the traders fired, and killed the fellow. When he fell, two of his party bent their bows; but before they had time to discharge their arrows McDonald

fired, and killed them both. The Indians then let fly a shower of arrows; but no injury was done to the whites. Orders were now given to fire upon them; but in a moment the Indians were out of sight. They laid themselves down in their canoes, and let them drift down the current. The trading party immediately went ashore, to arm themselves, and get ammunition. The Indians fired at them from the opposite side of the river; but as the Columbia is nearly a mile wide at that place, their balls did not reach the whites. The latter got into their canoes again, and went up the river to a narrow island about two miles in length. Here they spent two nights in a disagreeable state of suspense, in no very comfortable manner, and with no little peril of their lives. They were surrounded on every side by hostile Indians. At length they determined to make an effort to satisfy the savages, and make peace with them. On the morning of the third day they got into their canoes again, and landed upon the northern shore of the river. After they had been there a little while, a few Indians came in sight, on horseback. Michel, the interpreter, was sent to them, with a handkerchief tied to a long pole. This was done to show that they desired peace. After a little hesitation, two of the Indians came forward, and inquired what they had to say. Michel told them that the white chiefs were anxious to see their chiefs and elders, to *talk* with them about what had happened. One of them said he would inform his friends, and let the whites know their answer. They went away,

and soon returned to inform them that the neighboring chiefs and the relations of those that had been killed would soon meet them. In less than half an hour a number of Indians on horseback, and about a hundred and fifty warriors, all well armed with guns, spears, tomahawks, bows and arrows, came forward. A party of thirty or forty, equally well armed, consisting of the relations of those that had been killed, came from another direction, chanting the following death-song:—

“Rest, brothers, rest! You will be avenged. The tears of your widows shall cease to flow, when they behold the blood of your murderers; and your young children shall leap and sing with joy, on seeing their scalps. Rest, brothers, in peace; we shall have blood.”

Among the Indians present on this occasion, were some from among the Chimnapum, Yackaman, Sohulk, and Wallah Wallah tribes. The language of these tribes is nearly the same; and they always unite in war against the Shoshone or Snake Indians. On the present occasion, the appearance of their painted skin, cut hair, and naked bodies, was most ferocious. Three of the principal traders and the interpreter went forward about half way between the two parties, and two Indian chiefs with six of the mourners, came forward to meet them. The former offered the *calumet* of peace, which was refused by the Indians in a cold and repulsive manner. The traders then told them that as they had always been on good terms, they were very sorry that this unpleasant affair had happened to dis-

turb their friendly intercourse; but that, as they were anxious to restore harmony, they were willing to forget what was passed, and to satisfy the relations of the deceased for their loss. The Indians asked what kind of compensation they would make. They were offered two suits of chief's clothes, with blankets, tobacco, and ornaments for the women. The Indians replied that they would not talk of any settlement of the affair till two white men, one of whom must be McDonald, should be given them to sacrifice to the spirits of the departed warriors. They were then told that no white man would, for any consideration, be delivered to their vengeance. They had been the aggressors; and it was in attempting to rob the whites of their property that the deceased had lost their lives. The traders assured them that they preferred their friendship to their enmity; but if they were determined to fight, the whites would not shrink from it. They were also reminded of the superiority of the arms and ammunition of the whites; and that for one of the trading party which they killed, they might expect to lose ten of their own men; besides which, the white men would quit their country for ever, so that they would lose the benefit of trade. A violent debate now took place among the Indians; but the war party gained their point, and preparation was made, on both sides, for battle. An awful pause followed. But just at the moment that firing was about to commence, the loud tramping of horses was heard, and twelve Indian warriors on horseback, dashed between the

parties. They were headed by a noble young chief, who immediately ran up to the chief trader, and gave him his hand in the most friendly manner, and his companions followed his example. He then commanded the war party, who had concealed themselves behind the rocks and bushes, to appear before him. His orders were promptly obeyed, and he inquired into all the circumstances of the difficulty. He then addressed them in a speech, of which the following is a brief sketch:—

“Friends and relations!—Three snows have only passed over our heads since we were a poor miserable people. Our enemies, the Shoshones, during the summer, stole our horses, by which we were prevented from hunting, and drove us from the banks of the river, so that we could not get fish. In winter, they burned our lodges by night; they killed our relations; they treated our wives and daughters like dogs; and left us either to die from cold or starvation, or become their slaves.

“They were numerous and powerful; we were few, and weak. Our hearts were as the hearts of little children: we could not fight like warriors, and were driven like deer about the plain. When the thunders rolled, and the rains poured, we had no spot in which we could seek a shelter; no place, save the rocks, whereon we could lay our heads. Is such the case to-day? No, my relations! it is not. We have driven the Shoshones from our hunting-grounds, on which they dare not now appear, and have regained possession of the lands of our fathers, in

which they and their fathers' fathers lie buried. We have horses and provisions in abundance, and can sleep unmolested with our wives and children, without dreading the midnight attacks of our enemies. Our hearts are great within us, and we are *now a nation!*

"Who then, my friends, have produced this change? The white men. In exchange for our horses and our furs, they gave us guns and ammunition; then we became strong; we killed many of our enemies, and forced them to fly from our lands. And are we to treat those who have been the cause of this happy change with ingratitude? Never! Never! The white people have never robbed us; and, I ask, why should we attempt to rob them? It was bad, very bad!—and they were right in killing the robbers." Here symptoms of impatience and dissatisfaction became manifest among a group, consisting chiefly of the relations of the deceased; on observing which, he continued in a louder tone, "Yes! I say they acted right in killing the robbers; and who among you will *dare* to contradict *me*?"

"You know well my father was killed by the enemy, when you all deserted him, like cowards; and, while the Great Master of Life spares me, no hostile foot shall again be set on our lands. I know you all; and I know that those who are afraid of their bodies in battle are thieves when out of it; but the warrior of the strong arm and the great heart will never rob a friend." After a short pause, he resumed: "My friends, the white men are brave, and belong to a great na-

tion. They are many moons crossing the great lake in coming from their own country to serve us. If you were foolish enough to attack them, they would kill a great many of you; but suppose you should succeed in destroying all that are now present, what would be the consequence? A greater number would come next year to revenge the death of their relations, and they would annihilate our tribe; or should not that happen, their friends at home, on hearing of their deaths, would say we were a bad and a wicked people, and white men would never more come among us. We should then be reduced to our former state of misery and persecution; our ammunition would be quickly expended; our guns would become useless; and we should again be driven from our lands, and the lands of our fathers, to wander like deer and wolves in the midst of the woods and plains. I therefore say the white men *must* not be injured! They have offered you compensation for the loss of your friends: take it; but, if you should refuse, I tell you to your faces that I will join them with my own band of warriors; and should one white man fall by the arrow of an Indian, *that* Indian, if he were my brother, with all his family, shall become victims to my vengeance." Then, raising his voice, he called out, "Let the Wallah Wallahs, and all who love me, and are fond of the white men, come forth, and smoke the pipe of peace!" Upwards of one hundred of our late adversaries (says Cox) obeyed the call, and separated themselves from their allies. The harangue of the youth-

ful chieftain silenced all opposition. The above is but a faint outline of the arguments he made use of, for he spoke upwards of two hours; and Michel confessed himself unable to translate a great portion of his language, particularly when he soared into the wild flights of metaphor, so common among Indians. His delivery was impassioned; and his action, although sometimes violent, was generally bold, graceful, and energetic. Our admiration at the time knew no bounds; and the orators of Greece and Rome, when compared with him, dwindled, in our estimation, into insignificance.

Samuel.—O, Mother, what a speech; I never heard the like of it. How could a man who never had any learning speak so? What was his name?

Mother.—He was called the "*Morning Star.*" He was not more than twenty-five years old. His father had been a chief of great bravery and influence, but had been killed by the Shoshones a few years before. The Morning Star, though but a youth, had already performed prodigies of valor; and he took his father's place. Nineteen scalps decorated the neck of his war-horse. These he had taken from the men he had killed in battle with his own hand, to appease the spirit of his father. He wished to increase the number of scalps to twenty, which is the summit of the warrior's glory; but the terror of his name had driven his enemies from the banks of the Columbia.

Eliza.—Mother, can't you give us some speeches of Christian Indians? It would be de-

lightful to see such talents consecrated to the service of God.

Mother.—Yes, my dear; here is a most delightful instance of the power of the Gospel upon these wild sons of the forest, in a speech of Between-the-logs, a converted Sandusky chief. This speech was delivered at a *love-feast*, held at the quarterly meeting of the Mad River circuit, by the Methodists, in November, 1819. This chief was one of the principal counsellors of the nation, a man of strong powers of mind, and of great eloquence. After the bread and water was distributed, Between-the-logs arose, with tears streaming from his eyes, and said:—

“My dear brethren, I am happy this morning that the Great Spirit has permitted us to assemble here for so good a purpose as to worship him, and to strengthen the cords of love and friendship. This is the first meeting of the kind which has been held for us; and now, my dear brethren, I am happy that we, who have been so long time apart, and enemies to one another, are come together as brothers, at which our Great Father is well pleased. For my part, I have been a very wicked man, and have committed many great sins against the Good Spirit; was addicted to drinking whiskey, and many evils: but I thank my good God that I am yet alive, and that he has most perfectly opened my eyes, by his ministers and the good book, to see these evils, and has given me help to forsake them, and turn away from them. Now I feel peace in my heart with God and all men; but I

feel just like a little child beginning to walk; sometimes very weak, and almost ready to give up; then I pray, and my Great Father hears me, and gives me the blessing; then I feel strong and happy; then I walk again; so sometimes up and sometimes down. I want you all to pray for me, that I may never sin any more, but always live happy and die happy. Then I shall meet you all in our Great Father's house above, and be happy for ever."

Eliza.—O, what a lovely sight this must have been! What a wonderful change in the feelings of the hardy old warrior! The Gospel can subdue the haughty spirit of the proud Indian, and bring tears of penitence and gratitude from eyes that never wept before.

Mother.—It is indeed most delightful. But I will give you another speech, which was made the next evening by a chief named *Mononcue*, which shows a depth of penetration far in advance of the times. At that time, even the best of the white people had not sagacity enough to see the folly of the moderate use of spirits. The keenness of his satire must be felt by every honest white man:

"Fathers and brethren, I am happy this night, before the Great Spirit that made all men, both red, white, and black, that he has favored us with good weather for our meeting, and brought us together that we may help one another to get good, and do good. The Great Spirit has taught you and us both in one thing, that we should love one another, and fear and obey Him. Us Indians he has taught by his Spirit; and you,

white men, he has taught by your good book, which is all one. But your book teaches you, and us by you, more plainly than we were taught before, what is for our good. To be sure we served our Great Father sincerely, (before we were told by the good book the way,) by our feasts, rattles, and sacrifices, and dances, which we now see were not all right. Now some of our nation are trying to do better; but we have many hinderances, some of which I mean to tell. The white men tell us they love us, and we believe some do, and wish us well; but a great many do not, for they will bring us whiskey, which has been the ruin of our people. I can compare whiskey to nothing but the devil; for it brings with it all kinds of evil—it destroys our happiness; it makes Indians poor; strips our squaws and children of their clothes and food; makes us lie, steal, and kill one another. All these, and many other evils, it brings among us; therefore you ought not to bring it among us. Now you white people make it, you know its strength and use; Indians do not. Now this whiskey is a curse to yourselves—why not quit making it? This is one argument used by wicked Indians against the good book; if it is so good, why do not white men all do good? Another hinderance is, white men cheat Indians, take away their money and skins for nothing. Now you tell us your good book forbids all this; why not then do what it tells you? then Indians do right too. Again, you say our Great Father loves all men, white, black, and red men, that do right; then why do you look at Indians as

below you, and treat them as if they were not brothers? Does your good book tell you so? I am sure it does not. Now, brothers, let us all do right; then our Great Father will be pleased, and will make us happy in this world, and when we die, then we shall all live together in his house above, and always be happy."

Samuel.—Indeed, Mother, this is a *home thrust*. I do not see how it can be answered. His reasoning from the influence of spirits is irresistible. "Whiskey is a curse—*why not quit making it.*" Who can answer him?

Caroline.—Mother, can you tell us about any individuals, among the Indians, of uncommon talents?

Mother.—I think I have never read the history of any people, which furnished a greater proportion of persons of masterly genius, than that of the Indians. I did intend to give you an account of several of the most eminent Indian chiefs, who have manifested great strength of mind, energy, firmness, and perseverance, as well as many other noble qualities. But I find their characters so intimately connected with the history of their intercourse with the whites, difficulties, and wars, that I cannot give you any correct idea of their characters, without giving also a history of these affairs; and this would take more time than I can spare now. But if any of you feel disposed to study the Indian character, you will find an account of all their principal chiefs who have lived and died since the whites came to this country, in *Thatcher's*

Indian Lives, which forms a part of *Harper's Family Library*.

But I will close this conversation for the present, by an account of one of the most astonishing efforts of native genius which the world has ever known. It is the invention of a written language by an obscure individual of the Cherokee nation of Indians.

Samuel.—And had he no learning himself, Mother?

Mother.—None at all; and he could speak no language but the Cherokee; so that for his invention he had to depend entirely upon his own resources.

Caroline.—What was his name, Mother?

Mother.—His name was George Guess. He was, in appearance and habits, a full Cherokee, though his grandfather, on his father's side, was a white man.

John.—How did he come to think of making a language, Mother?

Mother.—Some young men were talking about the superior talents of the white people. One said that white men could put a *talk* on paper, and send it to any distance, and it would be understood by those who received it. They all agreed that it was very strange, and they could not see how it could be done. Guess for a while listened to their conversation in silence. At length, raising himself, and putting on an air of importance, he said: "You are all fools; why the thing is very easy; I can do it myself." He then picked up a flat stone, and commenced scratching on it with a pin. After a few min-

utes, he read to them a sentence which he had written by making a mark for each word. This made them all laugh, and the conversation ended.

Samuel.—Why, that was a trifling circumstance to make him think of forming a written language for his nation.

Mother.—Yes; and most useful inventions owe their origin to some trifling circumstance. It is said that the world is indebted for the discovery of the art of printing to a circumstance no less trifling. A man who was employed in copying books, as he was walking one day in a grove, took a piece of soft green wood, cut out some letters on it, folded it in a piece of paper, and put it in his pocket. When he took it out, he discovered that the sap of the wood had made an impression of the letters on the paper; and this suggested to his mind the idea of printing with moveable types. The inventive powers of his mind were thus roused, until he brought forth the art of printing in its rudest state. So the inventive genius of Guess was roused by this little incident; and nothing short of being able to write the Cherokee language would satisfy him.

Samuel.—And had he no other object than just to be able to write the Cherokee language?

Mother.—Yes; on one occasion, Guess, with some others of his tribe, came to Washington city, to see the President. While he was there, Mr. Evarts, who was then Corresponding Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, asked him what led him to form an Alphabet, and how he did it?

Guess told him that he had observed that many things were found out by men, and known in the world, which were afterwards lost for want of some way to preserve them. He had also noticed white people writing things on paper, and he had seen books. He knew that what was written down remained, and was not forgotten. He therefore attempted to fix certain marks for sounds. He thought if he could fix things fast on paper, it would be like catching a wild animal and taming it. But he found great difficulty in remembering the sounds which he had fixed to certain marks.

Eliza.—Mother, did he have nobody to help him in this invention?

Mother.—No; the only aid he had was part of an old spelling book, which gave him some idea of characters, although he could not read a word of it. He went home from the conversation with the young men, already mentioned, and sat down to paint the Cherokee language on paper. At first, he thought of no way but to make a character for each word. He pursued this plan for about a year, having made several thousand characters. He was then convinced that he could not accomplish his object in this way.

Eliza.—I should suppose he would have been discouraged by this time, and given it up.

Mother.—No, my dear; patience and perseverance are distinguishing traits of the Indian character. He firmly believed that there was some way by which the Cherokee language could be expressed on paper as well as the En-

glish. After trying several months, he thought of the plan of dividing the words into parts. He soon found that, in this way, the same characters would apply in different words, and so the number of characters would be greatly reduced. He first put down and learned all the syllables he could think of. He would then listen to speeches and the conversation of strangers; and whenever he heard a word which had a syllable in it which he had not before thought of, he would bear it in mind till he had made a character for it. In this way, he soon discovered all the syllables in the language. After commencing upon this plan, he completed his Alphabet in about a month.

Samuel.—Mother, have you ever seen the Cherokee Alphabet? I think it must be a great curiosity.

Mother.—Your father brought home an engraving of it, on purpose for me to explain it to you; but I am afraid I cannot give you much idea of the sounds.

SYSTEMATIC ARRANGEMENT OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

[illegible]

The number of characters is eighty-five; each of which represents a sound or syllable, except the letter *s*. The hissing sound represented by this character is never used in the Cherokee language except before the sound of *g*, *q*, *d*, and occasionally before *ka*, *ta*, *te*, and *tih*; and by making a letter which he could use in combination with these, he saved the trouble of having *seventeen* more characters. In this engraving, which I have shown you, the character at the left hand of the column represents the sound expressed by the letters at the right hand. The left hand column is the *Cherokee* character; and the right hand column is the explanation of its sound in English. In the pronunciation of these syllables, *a*s expressed by the Roman letters at the right hand, *a* is to be pronounced as it sounds either in *father* or *rival*, according as the syllable is long or short; *e* as *a* in *hate*, or *e* in *met*; *i* as in *piquè*, or as in *pit*; *o* as *au* in *law*, or as *o* in *not*; *u* as *oo* in *fool*, or as *u* in *full*, except in the right hand column, where it sounds nearly as *u* in *but*. However, this sound cannot be exactly expressed by any sound in the English language. It is very much like the short sound of *u*, followed by the French nasal *n*. This, however, you can not now understand.

Eliza.—O, Mother, I should think it would take them a great while to learn this language; there are so many letters.

Mother.—No, my dear; it is the easiest language in the world to learn. An active Cher-

okee boy will learn to read his own language in a single day.

Samuel.—Why, Mother, how is that possible?

Mother.—After he has learned his letters, he has nothing to do in reading but to repeat the names of the letters, just as you repeat the name of the letter *a* or *I*, when it forms a word in reading. When he has learned two letters, he can read a word composed of the two syllables which those characters denote. Another advantage which this Alphabet has over ours is, that, except the variations of long and short vowels, and more or less aspirated sounds, every character always represents the same sound; while in English the same sound may be represented by many different letters, or the same letter may represent many different sounds. Before any printing was done in their language, and before they had any schools, while their only means of learning were such scraps of the language as they had written, or painted, or cut, three-fourths of the Cherokees could read their own language. And now I suppose there are as many readers among them, in proportion to their numbers, as among us.

Samuel.—I suppose the Cherokees were very glad when they saw what Guess was doing for them.

Mother.—He shared the fate of most men who undertake to make experiments and discoveries. While engaged in inventing the Alphabet, he was opposed and ridiculed by all his friends and neighbors. He was frequently told that he

was throwing away his time and labor; and that none but a crazy person or an idiot would do as he did. But this did not discourage him. He would listen to what they said, and then light his pipe and sit down to his work.

Eliza.—Well, when he had completed his Alphabet, I suppose they were ashamed of themselves.

Mother.—Even then they did not understand its value; and he could not persuade them to learn it until after he had been away to the Arkansas, where a part of the Cherokee nation had removed. There he taught a few persons to read. One of them wrote a letter to his friends in the Cherokee nation, and sent it by Guess, who read it to the people. This letter excited great curiosity. Here was a talk in the Cherokee language, which had come all the way from the Arkansas, sealed up in a paper; yet it was very plain. This convinced many of them that Guess' mode of writing would be of some use. Several persons undertook to learn. In a few days they were able to read. From this it spread quickly all over the nation; and in the course of a few months, without schools, or the expense of time or money, most of the people were able to read and write their own language.

Samuel.—This is indeed wonderful. The man who could make such a useful invention, requiring so much study and skill, without any previous education, must be a man of surprising powers of mind.

Eliza.—Do the Indians all speak one language, Mother?

Mother.—Every tribe, or in some instances several tribes together, speak a language somewhat different from the rest; but it is the opinion of some learned men, who have investigated the subject, that these languages generally have a common origin; and it is a remarkable fact, that strangers of different tribes, when they meet, can talk and understand each other without an interpreter. Some writers think they discover a very great resemblance between the Indian and Hebrew languages. Of this I am not able to judge. However, it is certain that the Indians have some words, the sound and signification of which almost exactly correspond with the Hebrew. The name of the Supreme Being, in many tribes, has a great resemblance to the Hebrew word *Jehovah*. The word *Hallelujah*, also, is often heard in their songs.*

Samuel.—O, how I wish all these tribes were converted to Christianity.

Caroline.—Are there any Missionaries among the Cherokees, Mother?

Mother.—There were a number among the Cherokees of Georgia. They had a printing press, a newspaper published in Cherokee and English, schools, and churches. But by the unjust and cruel policy of the state of Georgia, all the missions have been broken up, and the rapid improvement of the people in civilization,

* See Appendix

morals, and religion, has been seriously checked. However, as I intend to speak of this at another time, I will say no more about it now. But every evidence of superior talents and greatness of mind, which we discover in the Indians, should make us the more anxious that they should be **CONSECRATED TO THE GLORY OF GOD**

APPENDIX.

The following remarks on the *Indian languages*, extracted from Boudinot's "*Star in the West*," are inserted for the valuable information which they contain. They are placed here in the form of an Appendix, because of the difficulty of rendering them intelligible to children; yet, it is thought they will be interesting to many. As the writer's object was to prove the Indians to be the descendents of the ten lost tribes of Israel, the author of this work neither adopts nor rejects his opinions on that subject. The *facts*, however, are exceedingly interesting:

"The Indian languages in general are very copious and expressive, considering the narrow sphere in which they move; their ideas being few in comparison with civilized nations. They have neither cases nor declensions. They have few or no prepositions—they remedy this, by affixes and suffixes, and their words are invariably the same in both numbers.

"All this, if the writer's information be correct, is very similar to the Hebrew language. He has been informed from good authority, and the same is confirmed by a writer well acquainted with the subject, that there is no language known in Europe, except the Hebrew, without

prepositions; that is, in separate and express words. The Indians have all the other parts of speech, except as above. They have no comparative or superlative degrees of comparison more than the Hebrews. They form the last by some leading vowel of the divine name of the *Great Spirit*, added to the word. It is observed by some Jewish, as well as Christian interpreters, that the several names of God are often given as epithets by the Hebrews to those things which are the greatest, the strongest, and the best of their kind, as *ruach elohim*, a mighty wind. 1 vol. Stackhouse's History of the Bible, page 8, in a note. Both languages are very rhetorical, nervous, and emphatical. Those public speeches of the Indians that the writer of these memoirs has heard or read, have been oratorical, and adorned with strong metaphors, in correct language, and greatly abound in allegory. About the year 1684, the governor of New-York sent an accredited agent to the Onondagos, on a dispute that was likely to arise with the French. The agent (one Arnold) behaved himself very haughtily towards the Indians, at delivering his commission. One of the chiefs then answered him in a strain of Indian eloquence, in which he said, among other things, 'I have two arms—I extend the one towards Montreal, there to support the tree of peace; and the other towards *Corlaer*, (the governor of New-York) who has long been my brother. *Ononthis* (the governor of Canada) has been these ten years my father. *Corlaer* has been long my brother, with my own good will; but

neither the one or the other is my master. *He who made the world*, gave me this land I possess. *I am free*. I respect them both; but no man has a right to command me, and none ought to take amiss my endeavoring all I can that this land should not be troubled. To conclude, I can no longer delay repairing to my father, who has taken the pains to come to my very gate, and who has no terms to propose but what are reasonable.' 1 Wynne's History of America, 402—3.

"A writer (Adair) who has had the best opportunities to know the true idiom of their language, by a residence among them for forty years, has taken great pains to show the similarity of the Hebrew with the Indian languages, both in their roots and general construction; and insists that many of the Indian words, to this day, are purely Hebrew, notwithstanding their exposure to the loss of it to such a degree, as to make the preservation of it, so far, little less than miraculous.

"Let any one compare the old original Hebrew, spoken with so much purity by the Jews before the Babylonish captivity, with that spoken by the same people on their return, after the comparatively short space of seventy years, and he will find it had become a barbarous mixture of the Hebrew and Chaldaic languages, so as not to be understood by an ancient Hebrew, and, in a great measure, has continued so to this day. We say such a consideration will show an almost miraculous intervention of divine providence, should a clear trace of the

original language be discoverable among the natives of our wilderness at this day. ‘Their words and sentences are expressive, concise, emphatical, sonorous, and bold.’ Father Charlevoix, in his History of Canada, paid more attention to the Indian languages than most travellers before him; and indeed he had greater opportunities, and was a man of learning, and considerable abilities. He says ‘that the *Algonquin* and *Huron* languages have, between them, *that* of almost all the savage nations of Canada we are acquainted with. Whoever should well understand both, might travel without an interpreter more than fifteen hundred leagues of country, and make himself understood by an hundred different nations, who have each their peculiar tongue. The *Algonquin*, especially, has a vast extent. It begins at Acadia and the Gulph of St. Lawrence, and takes a compass of twelve hundred leagues, twining from the south-east by the north, to the south-west. They say also, that the Wolf Nation, or the Mohegans, and the greater part of the Indians of New-England and Virginia, speak the *Algonquin* dialects. The *Huron* language has a copiousness, an energy, and a sublimity, perhaps not to be found in any of the finest languages we know of; and those whose native tongue it is, though now but a handful of men, have such an elevation of soul, as agrees much better with the majesty of their language, than with the state to which they are reduced. Some have fancied they found a similarity with the Hebrew; others have thought it had the same

origin with the Greek.' 'The Algonquin language has not so much force as the Huron; but has more sweetness and elegance. Both have a richness of expression, a variety of turns, a propriety of terms, a regularity which astonishes—but what is more surprising, is, that among these barbarians, who never study to speak well, and who never had the use of writing, there is never introduced a bad word, an improper term, or a vicious construction. And even their children preserve all the purity of the language in their common discourse. On the other hand, the manner in which they animate all they say, leaves no room to doubt of their comprehending all the worth of their expressions, and all the beauty of their language.'

"Mr. Colden, who wrote the History of the Wars of the Five Nations, about the year 1750, and was a man of considerable note, speaking of the language of those nations, says, 'they are very nice in the turn of their expressions, and that a few of them are so far masters of their language, as never to offend the ears of their Indian auditory by an unpolite expression. They have, it seems, a certain urbanity or atticism in their language, of which the common ears are very sensible, though only their great speakers attain to it. They are so given to speech-making, that their common compliments to any person they respect, at meeting or parting, are made in harangues. They have a few radical words, but they compound them without end.

By this their language becomes sufficiently copious, and leaves room for a good deal of art to please a delicate ear. Their language abounds with gutturals and strong aspirations, which make it very sonorous and bold. Their speeches abound with metaphors, after the manner of the eastern nations.' It should be noted, that Mr. Colden, though a sensible man, and of excellent character, could not speak their language, and not having any considerable communication with them, took his information from others.

“The late Rev. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, of Connecticut, son of the late President Edwards, who was a man of great celebrity, as a well read, pious divine, and of considerable erudition, was intimately associated with the Indians at Stockbridge, of the Mohegan tribe in that state, from the age of six years. He understood their language equally with his mother tongue. He also had studied that of the Mohawks, having resided in their nation about six months for that purpose. He informs us that the name *Mohegan* is a corruption of *Mukkekaneaw*, arising from the English pronunciation. This is a very common thing, and occasions much confusion, and great difficulties, in tracing the languages of the different tribes. For we have not only to contend with a different pronunciation and spelling of both English and French, but the corruption and ignorance of interpreters and traders, especially in an early day; and also the different modes of writing the same word by different people, arising from their different con-

ceptions of the word as pronounced by the Indians.*

“The Mohegan language was spoken by all the various tribes of New-England. Many of the tribes had a different dialect, but the language was radically the same. Mr. Elliot, called the Indian apostle, who was among the first settlers of Massachusetts, and died in 1691, translated the Bible into Indian, which is found to be in a particular dialect of the Mohegan language. Dr. Edwards says it appears to be much more extensive than any other language in North America. The language of the Delawares, in Pennsylvania, of the Penobscots, bordering on Nova Scotia, of the Indians of St. Francis, in Canada, of the Shawanese, on the Ohio, and of the Chippewas, to the westward of Lake Huron, were all radically the same with the Mohegan. The same is said of the Ottowas, Nanticokes; Munsees, Menomonies, Messisagas, Saukies, Ottogaumies, Killistinoes, Nipegons, Algonkins, Winebagoes, &c.

“Dr. Edwards asserts, that for the pronouns common in other languages, they express the pronouns, both substantive and adjective, by affixes or letters, or syllables added at the be-

* The different sounds given by different tribes to the same letters, is also a source of difficulty. Those who write, often use the letter a, where the sound is oh, so that owoh is used in the Mohegan where a or au is used in other languages, as Moquoh for Mauquah, a bear. The sound of these two are alike, when spoken by an Indian. The e final, is never sounded in any word but a monosyllable.

ginnings or ends, or both, of their nouns. In this particular, the structure of their language coincides with that of the Hebrew, in an instance in which the Hebrew differs from all the languages of Europe, ancient and modern, with this only difference, that the Hebrews always joined the affixes to the ends of the words, whereas the Indians, in pronouns of the singular number, prefix the letter or syllable; but in the plural number they add others as suffixes. Also, as the word is increased, they change and transpose the vowels, as in *tmohhecan*, an hatchet; *ndumhecan*, my hatchet: the *o* is changed into *u*, and transposed after the manner of the Hebrews; likewise, in some instances, the *t* is changed into *d*.

“ Besides what has been observed concerning *prefixes* and *suffixes*, there is a remarkable analogy, says Dr. Edwards, between some words of the Mohegan language, and the correspondent words in the Hebrew. In the Mohegan *niah* is *I*. In Hebrew it is *ani*, which is the two syllables of *niah* transposed. *Keah*, thou or thee. The Hebrews use *Ka* the suffix. *Uwoh*, is this man, or this thing; very analogous to the Hebrew *Hu*, or *Huah*, ipse. *Necaunuh* is *we*: in Hebrew it is *nachnu* or *anachnu*. In Hebrew *ni* is the suffix for me, or the first person. In the Mohegan, *n*, or *ne*, is prefixed to denote the first person, as *nmeetseh*, or *nimeetseh*, I eat. In Hebrew, *k* or *ka* is the suffix for the second person, and is indifferently either a pronoun, substantive, or adjective. *K* or *ka* has the same use in the Mohegan language as *kmeet-*

seh or *kameetseh*, thou eatest. *Knish*, thy hand. In Hebrew the *vau*, and the letter *u* and *hu*, are the suffixes for he or them. In the Indian the same is expressed by *u* or *uw*, and by *oo*, as in *uduhwhunnw*, I love him. *Pumissoo*, he walketh. In Hebrew, the suffix to express our, or us, is *nu*. In Mohegan, it is *nuh*, as *noghnuh*, our father. *Nmeetschnuh*, we eat, &c.

“To elucidate this subject still farther, a list of a few words in the different Indian dialects shall be added, with the same words in Hebrew and Chaldaick.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Charibbee.</i>	<i>Creeks.</i>	<i>Mohegan, & Northern Languages.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
His wife	Liani	.		Li hene
My wife	Yene-nori			Hene her- ranni
Come hither	Hace-yete			Aca-ati (Sa- maritan)
The heavens	Chemim			Shemim
Jehovah	Jocanna	Y. He. Ho. wah		Jehovah
Woman	Ishto			Ishto
Man or chief	Ish	Ishte		Ish
I			Niah	Ani, the two syllables transposed, as ahni
Thou or thee			Keah	Ka
This man			Uwoh	Huah
We			Necaunuh	Nachnu
Assembly or Kurbet walled house				Guir, or gra bit
Necklace or Enea collar				Ong
My necklace	Yene-kali			Vongali
Wood	Hue			Oa (Chaldaic
My skin	Nora			Ourni
I am sick	Nane guaete			Nanceheti
Good be to you	Halea tibou	.		Ye hali ettuo- boa
To blow	Phoubae			Phouhe
Roof of the house	Toubana ora			Debona our
Go thy way	Bayou boor- kaa	if		Boua Bouak

<i>English.</i>	<i>Charibbee.</i>	<i>Creeks.</i>	<i>Mohegan, & Northern Languages.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Eat	Baika			Bge(Chalda.
To eat	Aika			Akl do.
The nose	Nichiri			Neheri
Give me nourishment*	Natoni man	bo-		Natoui ba- men
The great first cause		Yo he wah		Jehovah
Praise the first cause		Halleluwah		Hallelujah
Father		Abba		Abba
Now, the present time		Na		Na
Very hot, or bitter upon me		Heru, hara, or hala		Hara hara
To pray		Phale		Phalae
The hind parts		Kesh		Kish
One who kills another		Abe, derived from Abele Gruf		Abel
The war name who kills a rambling enemy		Noabe, compounded of Noah & Abe		
Canaan		Kenaai		Canaan
Wife		Awah		Eve or eweh
Winter		Kora		Cora
Another name for God		Ale		Ale or alo- him
Do		Iennoist†		Ianhont‡
Arrarat, a high mountain.			Indians of Penobscot. Arrarat, a high mountain.	Arrarat, a high mountain.

"As the writer of this does not understand either the Hebrew or Indian languages, so as to be a judge of their true idioms or spelling, he would not carry his comparisons of one language with the other too far. Yet he cannot well avoid mentioning; merely as a matter of

* * Edward's West Indies. † Barlow.

‡ Literally he shall be called a son. Christian Observer for June, 1813, p. 340.

curiosity, that the Mohawks, in confederacy with the Five Nations, as subsisting at the first arrival of the Europeans in America, were considered as the law-givers, or the interpreters of duty, to the other tribes. Nay, this was so great, that all paid obedience to their advice. They considered themselves as supreme, or first among the rest. Mr. Colden says, that he had been told by old men in New-England, that when the Indians were at war, formerly, with the Mohawks, as soon as one appeared, their Indians raised a cry from hill to hill, a Mohawk! a Mohawk! Upon which all fled, like sheep before a wolf, without attempting to make the least resistance; and that all the nations around them have for many years entirely submitted to their advice, and pay them a yearly tribute of wampum. The tributary nations dare not make war or peace without the consent of the Mohawks. Mr. Colden has given a speech of the Mohawks, in answer to one from the governor of Virginia, complaining of the other confederate nations, which shows the Mohawks superiority over them, and the mode in which they corrected their misdoings. Now it seems very remarkable, that the Hebrew word Mhhokek, spelled so much like the Indian word, means a law-giver, (or leges interpres) or a superior.

“Blind chance could not have directed so great a number of remote and warring savage nations to fix on, and unite in so nice a religious standard of speech, and even grammatical construction of language, where there was no knowledge of letters or syntax. For instance, A, oo, EA,

is a strong religious Indian emblem, signifying *I climb, ascend, or remove* to another place of residence. It points to A-no-wah, the first person singular, and O E A, or Yah, He, Wah; and implies putting themselves under the divine patronage. The beginning of that most sacred symbol is, by studious skill, and a thorough knowledge of the power of letters, placed twice, to prevent them from being applied to the sacred name, for vain purposes, or created things.

“Though they have lost the true meaning of their religious emblems, except what a very few of the more intelligent traders revive in the retentive memories of the old inquisitive magi, or beloved man; yet tradition directs them to apply them properly. They use many plain religious emblems of the divine name, as Y, O, he, wah—Yah and Ale, and these are the roots of a prodigious number of words, through their various dialects. It is worthy of remembrance, that two Indians, who belong to far distant nations, without the knowledge of each other’s language, except from the general idiom, will intelligibly converse together, and contract engagements, without any² interpreter, in such a surprising manner as is scarcely credible. In like manner we read of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob travelling from country to country, from Chaldea into Palestine, when inhabited by various different nations—thence into Egypt, and back again, making engagements, and treating with citizens wherever they went; but we never read of any difficulty of being understood, or their using an interpreter.

“The Indians generally express themselves with great vehemence, and short pauses, in their public speeches. Their periods are well turned, and very sonorous and harmonious. Their words are specially chosen, and well disposed, with great care and knowledge of their subject and language, to show the being, power, and agency of the Great Spirit in all that concerns them.

“To speak in general terms, their language, in their roots, idiom, and particular construction, appears to have the whole genius of the Hebrew; and what is very remarkable, and well worthy of serious observation, has most of the peculiarities of that language, especially those in which it differs from most other languages; and ‘often, both in letters and signification, synonymous with the Hebrew language.’ They call the lightning and thunder Eloha, and its rumbling noise Rowah, which may, not improperly, be deduced from the Hebrew word *Ruach*, a name of the third person in the holy trinity, originally signifying ‘the air in motion, or a rushing wind.’—Faber.

“The Indian compounded words are generally pretty long, but those that are radical or simple are mostly short: very few, if any of them, exceed three or four syllables. And as their dialects are guttural, every word contains some consonants, and these are the essential characteristics of language. Where they deviate from this rule, it is by religious emblems, which obviously proceeds from the great regard they pay to the names of the Deity, especially

to the great four-lettered, divine, essential name, by using the letter it contains, and the vowels it was originally pronounced with, to convey a virtuous idea; or by doubling or transposing them, to signify the contrary. In this all the Indian nations agree. And as this general custom must proceed from one primary cause, it seems to assure us that this people was not in a savage state when they first separated, and varied their dialects with so much religious care and exact art.

“Souard, in his *Melanges de Literature*, or *Literary Miscellanies*, speaking of the Indians of Guiana, observes, ‘on the authority of a learned Jew, Isaac Nasci, residing at Surinam, we are informed that the language of those Indians, which he calls the *Galibe dialect*, and which is common to all the tribes of Guiana, is soft and agreeable to the ear, abounding in vowels and synonyms, and possessing a syntax as regular as it would have been if established by an academy. This Jew says that all the substantives are Hebrew. The word expressive of the soul, in each language, means *breath*. They have the same word in Hebrew to denominate God, which means master, or lord.’

“It is said there are but two mother tongues among the northern Indians, and extending thence to the Mississippi, the Huron and Algonquin; and there is not more difference between these than between the Norman and French. Dr. Edwards asserts that the language of the Delawares, in Pennsylvania—of the Penobscots, bordering on Nova Scotia—of the Indians of St.

Francis, in Canada—of the Shawanese, on the Ohio—of the Chippewas, to the westward of Lake Huron—of the Ottawas, Nanticokes, Munsees, Minoniones, Messinagues, Saasskies, Ottagamies, Killestinoes, Mipegoes, Algonquins, Winnebagoes, and of the several tribes in New England, are radically the same; and the variations between them are to be accounted for from their want of letters, and of communication. Much stress may be laid on Dr. Edwards' opinion. He was a man of strict integrity, and great piety. He had a liberal education—was greatly improved in the Indian languages, which he habituated himself to from early life, having lived long among the Indians."



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